

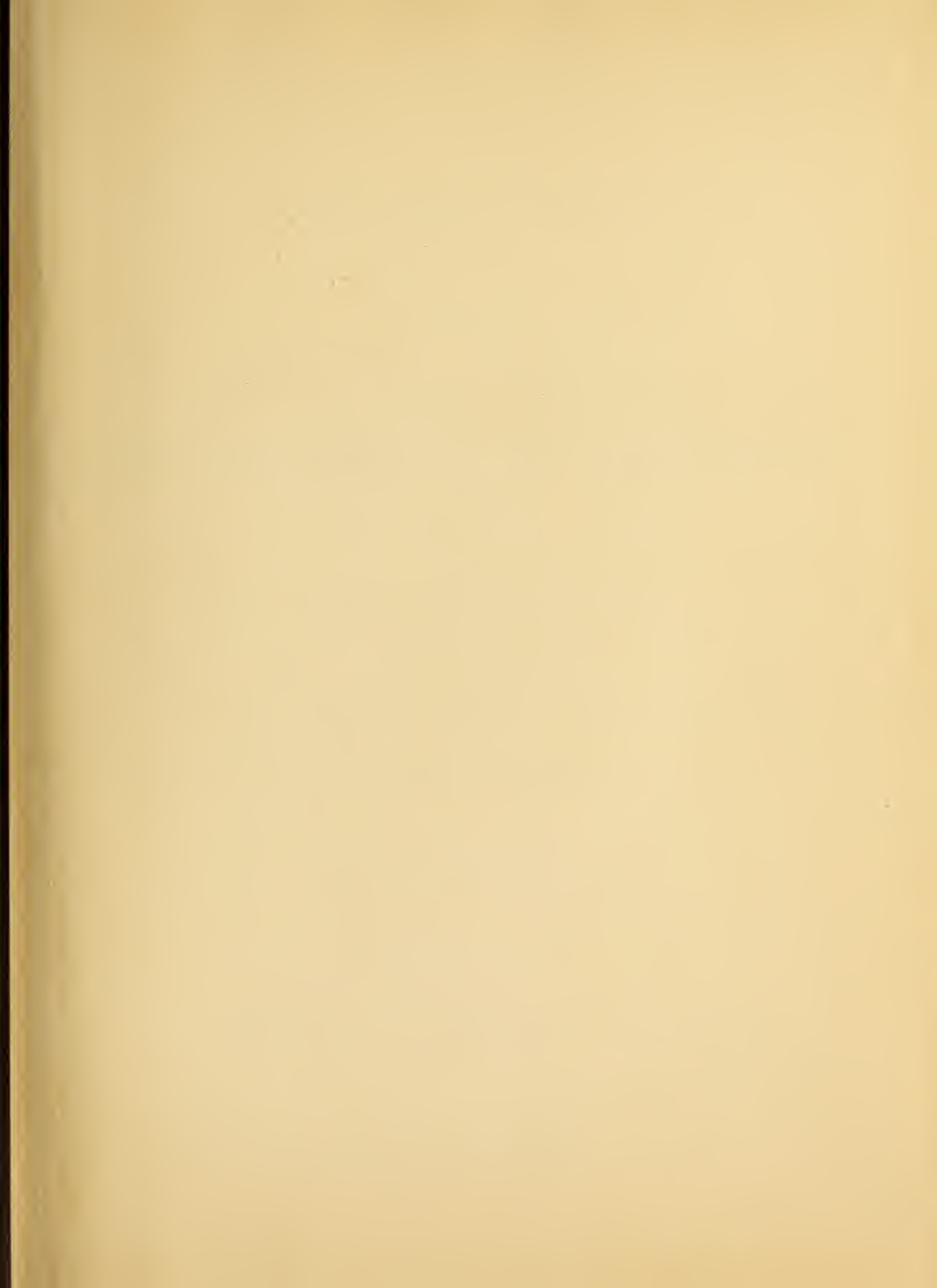


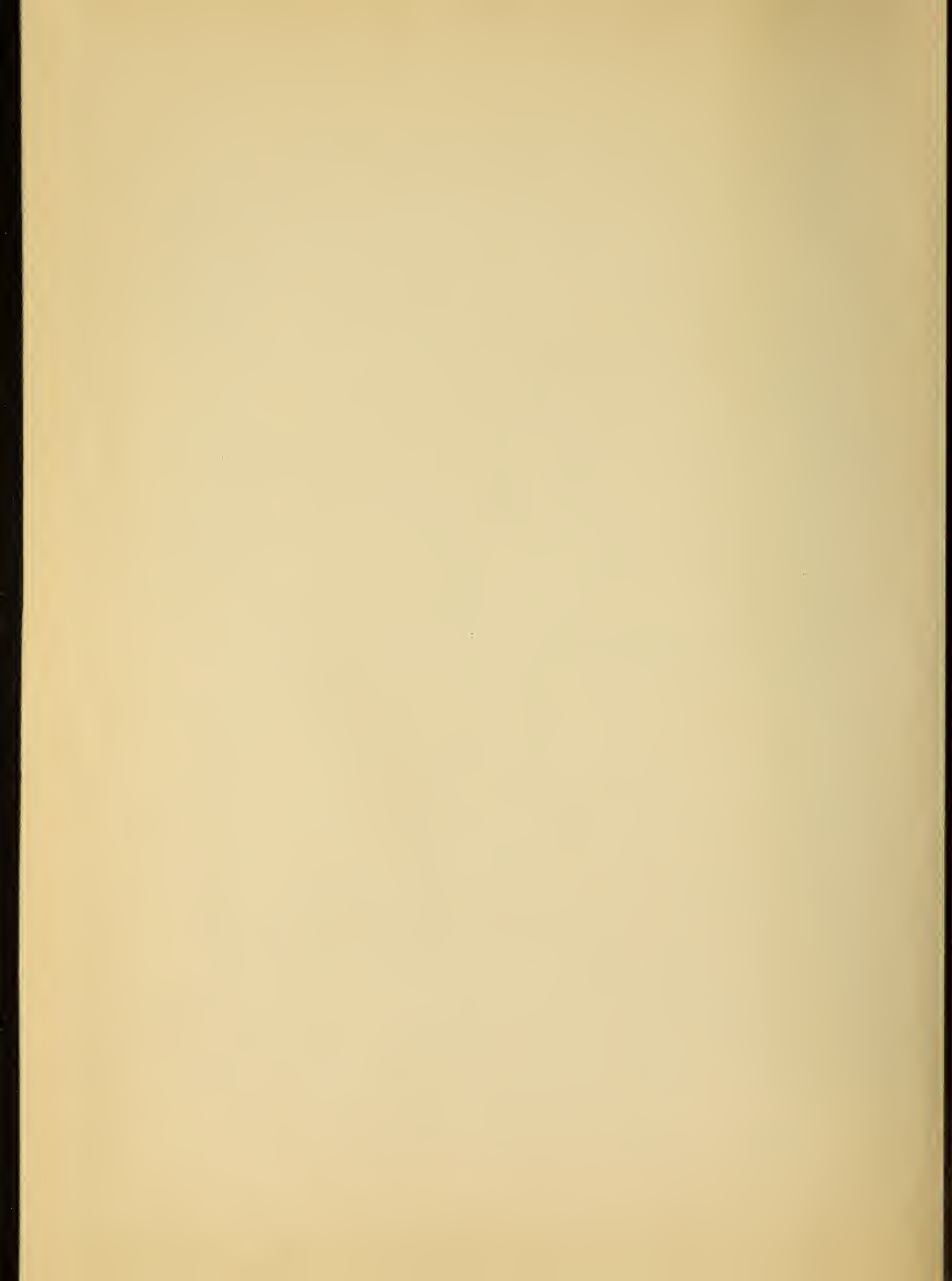
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THE
HYMNAL

of the

Reformed Church in the United States.

Prepared by a Committee appointed by

THE GENERAL SYNOD.



"Praise ye the Lord, Praise God in His Sanctuary."

CLEVELAND, O.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE REFORMED CHURCH,
1134—1138 Pearl Street.

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By the

GENERAL SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.



P R E F A C E.

TO HYMNAL WITH MUSIC.

The Committee, to whom was intrusted the work of preparing a Hymnal for the use of "The Reformed Church in the United States", has endeavored faithfully to abide by the instructions given at the time of its appointment at the meeting of the General Synod at Akron, Ohio, June 1887, viz: "To prepare such a Collection as may, in the judgment of the committee, be best adapted to the needs of the Reformed Church in the United States."

In now presenting to the Church the results of its long and arduous labors, the committee desires, first of all, to return most devout thanks to the great Head of the Church for His most gracious guidance and help, and to pray that this Collection of hymns of praise may, for many years to come, redound to His increasing glory in the service of the Sanctuary; and furthermore to express the hope that this Hymnal may prove to be truly suited to the needs of the people of the Reformed Church, and be abundantly blessed to their spiritual edification and profit.

To choose from the vast amount of material at hand, and to decide what hymns should be admitted to the Collection and what excluded, has been no easy task. On a careful examination, however, it will be found that very few, if any, of the good old hymns, endeared to our people from long usage, have been omitted; while on the other hand the claims of the more valuable amongst the modern and popular compositions have by no means been disregarded.

In preparing this Collection, the aim has been not only to choose the best hymns, but also to select the best music available (some of it at a very considerable cost for copyright privileges), and furthermore so to adapt the tunes to the words as at once to gratify a cultivated literary and musical taste, and to insure the hearty enjoyment of the people. Of necessity by far the larger number of tunes are old. They have been so long in use, and are so enshrined in the best affections of God's people, that to omit them would have been a serious offense. At the same time, also, much of the music will be found to be new. A vast number of so-called "popular tunes", whose favor is as surprising as it is ephemeral, have been studiously avoided; but those tunes of a more recent composi-

tion which appear to possess permanent and intrinsic value, have been as carefully admitted.

It is now the pleasant duty of the Committee to acknowledge the uniform courtesy and kindness of many brethren in the ministry, and amongst the laity of the Church, during the preparation of this work, and more particularly to express their obligation to the following persons—

To Mr. H. T. Buckley, organist of Third Street Reformed Church, Easton, Pa.: to Mrs H. M. Kieffer, of Easton, Pa.: and to Miss Lizzie May Fitz, of Martinsburg, West Va., for valuable assistance in the musical part of the work.

To Bishop J. H. Vincent; to Miss Alice Nevin; to Dr. E. P. Parker; to Professors J. H. Kurzenknabe, E. C. Zartman, Fred. Schilling and Ira D. Sankey for special privileges in the use of tunes of their composition.

To the following musical composers and publishers for permission to use tunes of their composition or ownership — Oliver Ditson & Co., Biglow & Main, John Church & Co., Mrs. Sarah N. Holbrook, Mrs. Lizzie Tourgee Estabrook, Mr. U. C. Burnap, Mr. Theo. E. Perkins, Mr. John R. Sweney, Mr. Wm. G. Fischer, John T. Grape; also to The Publication Board of the Reformed Church for permission to use the hymns composed by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Nevin, and for all music selected from "Tunes for Worship" by Prof. Henry Schwing.

And finally to Prof. Henry Schwing both for permission to use music of his composition, and for his valued services in editing the musical part of this collection.

May this Hymnal commend itself to the people of the Reformed Church in the United States. May it soon become the one book of praise in common use throughout all sections of the Church. And may God abundantly bless it to His service for many years to come.

H. M. KIEFFER,
J. A. HOFFHEINS,
JOHN M. SCHICK,
H. H. W. HIBSHMAN.

NOTICE.—Many hymns and tunes in this collection, as well as the arrangements and adaptations of music, are introduced "by permission", either purchased or given; and, therefore, can not be used without the consent of the authors or owners of the Copyrights.

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HYMNAL

— of the —

Reformed Church in the United States.

1

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

GLORY be to | God on | high:|| and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee: | we glorify Thee, we
give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King:|| God the | Fa-ther | Al= | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of
God, | Son = | of the | Father,

5 That takest away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on = | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || have mercy up- | on = | us,

7 Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world: || re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: | have mercy up- |
on = | us.

9 For Thou only | art = | Holy: || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost:|| art most high in the | glory
of | God the | Father. || A- | MEN.

2

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

WE praise | Thee, O | God; || We acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the earth doth | worship | Thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.

3 To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud:|| the heavens and | all the | powers there-
| in.

4 To Thee Cherubim and | Seraph- | im || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,

- 5 Holy, holy, holy Lord | God of | Sabaoth, || Heaven and earth are full of
the | majesty | of Thy | glory.
- 6 The glorious company of the apostles | praise— | Thee: || the goodly fellow-
ship of the | prophets | praise— | Thee:
- 7 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | Thee: || the holy church throughout
all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | Thee,
- 8 The | Fa— | ther, || of an | infinite | Majes- | ty;
- 9 Thine adorable, true, and | only | Son: || Also, the | Holy | Ghost, the |
Comforter.
- 10 Thou art the King of Glory, | O— | Christ: || Thou art the everlasting |
| Son— | of the | Father.
- 11 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || Thou didst humble
Thyself to be | born— | of a | virgin.
- 12 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || Thou didst open the
kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
- 13 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.
- 14 We believe that Thou shalt come to | be our | Judge: || we therefore pray
Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy |
precious | blood.
- 15 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting.
- 16 O Lord, | save Thy | people, || and | bless— | Thy— | heritage.
- 17 Gov- | ern— | them, || and | lift them | up for- | ever.
- 18 Day by day we | magnify | Thee: || And we worship Thy name ever, | world
with- | out— | end.
- 19 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord || to keep us this | day with- | out— | sin.
- 20 O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us, || have | mer— | cy up- | on us.
- 21 O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust is | in— | Thee.
- 22 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted: || let me | never | be con- | founded.

3

THE STRAIN UPAISE.

THE strain upraise of joy and *praise*, Alle- | lu-ia!
To the glory of their king shall the *ransomed* | people sing,
Alle—luia! || Alle—luia!

- 2 And the *choirs* that | dwell on high,
Shall re-*echo* | through the sky, || *Alle-* | *luia!* || *Alle—luia!*
- 3 They in the *rest* of | Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones with *joy* the | chorus swell || *Alle-* | *luia!* || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 4 The planets glitt'ring *on* their | heavenly way,
The shining *constellations*, | join and say, || *Alle-* | *luia!* || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye *winds* on | pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye *lightnings*, | wildly bright,
|| In *sweet* con- | sent unite || *Your Alle-* | *luia!*
- 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye *storms* and | winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar *frost*, and | summer glow,
|| Ye groves that wave in spring, and *glorious* | forests sing, || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 7 First let the birds with *painted* | plumage gay,
Exalt their great *Creator's* | praise and say, || *Alle-* | *luia!* || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 8 Then let the beasts of *earth*, with | varying strain,
Join in creation's *hymn* and | cry again, || *Alle-* | *luia!* || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 9 Here let the mountains thunder *forth* so- | norous, || *Alle-* | *luia!*
There let the valleys sing in *gentler* | chorus, || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 10 Thou jubilant *abyss* of | ocean cry, || *Alle-* | *luia!*
Ye tracts of earth, and *conti-* | nents, reply || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 11 To God, who *all* cre- | ation made,
The frequent *hymn* be | duly paid: || *Alle-* | *luia!* || *Alle-* | *luia!*
- 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the *Lord* Al- | mighty loves: || *Alle-* | *luia!*
This is the song, the heavenly song, that *Christ*, the | King approves:
|| *Alle-luia!*
- 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and *voice* a- | wakening, || *Alle* | *luia!*
And children's voices echo, *answer* | making, || *Alle* | *luia!*
- 14 Now from all men | be outpoured || *Alle-* | *luia—to the Lord;*
'With Alleluia—ever more || The Son and Spirit—we adore.
- 15 Praise be done to the—Three in One. || *Alle-* | *luia!*
Alle- | *luia!* || *Alle-* | *luia!* Amen.

4

L. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord !
 We praise Thy Name with one accord.
 Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
 Thro' all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
 The heavens and all the powers on high :
 Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
 Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
 The prophets swell the immortal song;
 The martyrs' noble army raise
 Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honor Thee !
 Thy Name we worship and adore,
 World without end, for evermore !

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
 To keep us safe from sin this day;
 Have mercy, Lord ! we trust in Thee;
 Oh, let us ne'er confounded be !

MORAVIAN COL., 1754. THOMAS COTTERELL, 1810, A.

5

L. M.

BE Thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And as Thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 't is bent
 Its thankful tribute to present;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the listening nations round;
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

6

7s. D.

GOD eternal, Lord of all !
 Lowly at Thy feet we fall :
 All the world doth worship Thee;
 We amidst the throng would be.
 All the holy angels cry,
 Hail, thrice holy God most high !
 Lord of all the heavenly powers,
 Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
 Night and day, continual praise ;
 Hast Thou not a mission too
 For Thy children here to do ?
 With the prophets' goodly line
 We in mystic bond combine ;
 For Thou hast to babes revealed
 Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
 Of Thy cross are heard to boast ;
 Since so bright the crown they wear,
 We with them Thy cross would bear.
 All Thy church, in heaven and earth,
 Jesus ! hail Thy spotless birth ;—
 Seated on the judgment-throne,
 Number us among Thine own !

J. E. MULLARD, tr.

7

7s. D.

GLORY be to God on high,—
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
 Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
 Sovereign Father, Heavenly King !
 Thee we now presume to sing ;
 Glad Thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail, by all Thy works adored !
 Hail, the everlasting Lord !
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
 God of power, and God of love !
 Christ our Lord and God we own,—
 Christ the Father's only Son ;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus ! in Thy name we pray,
 Take, oh, take our sins away !
 Powerful Advocate with God !
 Justify us by Thy blood.
 Hear, for Thou, O Christ ! alone,
 Art with Thy great Father one ;
 One the Holy Ghost with Thee ;—
 One supreme eternal Three.

C. WESLEY.

8

11s. & 5.

PRAISE ye the Father ! for His lov-
 ing kindness,
 Tenderly cares He for His erring children ;
 Praise Him, ye angels, praise Him in
 the heavens,
 Praise ye Jehovah !

2 Praise ye the Saviour ! great is His
 compassion,
 Graciously cares He for His chosen
 people ;
 Young men and maidens, ye old men
 and children,
 Praise ye the Saviour !

3 Praise ye the Spirit ! Comforter of
 Israel,
 Sent of the Father and the Son to
 bless us ;
 Praise ye the Father, Son and Holy
 Spirit,
 Praise ye the Triune God.

ANON.

9

C. M.

HOSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
 To David's Son and Lord ;
 With Cherubim and seraphim,
 ||: Exalt th' incarnate Word.:||

2 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest !
 How vast Thy gifts, how free !
 Thy blood, our life ; Thy word, our feast ;
 ||: Thy name, our only plea.:||

3 Hosanna ! Master ! lo ! we bring
 Our offerings to Thy throne ;
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
 ||: But hearts to be Thine own.:||

4 Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
 Approved a lisping throng ;
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear
 ||: Our poor but grateful song.:||

5 O Saviour ! if redeemed by Thee,
 Thy temple we behold,
 Hosannas through eternity
 ||: We'll sing to harps of gold. :||

WILLIAM H. HAVREAGAL, 1833.

10

8s. 7s. D.

LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Heav'n is still with anthems ringing ;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy singing,
 Lord of hosts, / Thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,
 And our love His gifts excite :
 With His seraph train before Him
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,

We adopt the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most high !
 R. MAUT.

11

8s. 7s.

ALLELUIA ! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above !
 Alleluia ! thou repeatest,
 Angel host, these notes of love ;
 ||: This ye utter, :||
 While your golden harps ye move.

2 Alleluia ! Church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky !
 Alleluia ! bright and glorious,
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
 ||: We, poor exiles, :||
 Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia ! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn :
 Alleluia ! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn :
 ||: Our offences :||
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication
 Holy God, we raise to Thee :
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Make us all Thy joys to see !
 ||: Alleluia ! :||
 Ours at length this strain shall be.

JOHN CHANDLER. 1837.

ADVENT.

12

L. M. D.

GOD bless the calm and holy cheer,
That ushers in the Christian year;
And whatsoe'er of gloom or shade
Season or sorrow may have made,
Lifts us, with its mysterious pow'r,
Out of the dark and dying hour
Into the lights which ever play
||: Round children of th' Eternal Day. :||

2 Blest Advent of our ling'ring Lord!
How high the hope, how sure the word,
That thus, with every year's return,
Makes our dull hearts within us burn
For that long-sought and promised day,
When "heaven and earth shall pass away,"
And Christ from highest heav'ns shall come
||: To take his waiting people home. :||

3 Since childhood's early hours, our eyes
Have watch'd the East for red'ningskies!
Year after year has Advent brought
Nearer to us the Prize we sought;
But still it lingers—O that we
Were more prepared to welcome Thee!
Thine Advent, with its angel throng,
||: Would not be tarrying, Lord, so long. :||

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1857.

13

8s, 7s, 4s.

O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the red'ning dawn of day:
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,

Rise and sing, and watch and pray;
||: 'Tis thy Saviour, :||
On His bright returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee:
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see.
||: O my Saviour, :||
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Long, too long in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine,
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
||: O my Saviour, :||
When shall I be wholly Thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lonely station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
||: O my Saviour, :||
In Thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well trimmed and burning
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home:
||: Come, my Saviour, :||
O my Saviour, quickly come!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

14

8s, 7s & 4s.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 ||: Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign!:||

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 ||: Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.:||

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 ||: Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment, come away!:||

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 ||: Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!:||

5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit!
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit
 Take Thy pining exiles home;
 ||: All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!:||

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
 ||: O come quickly,
 Everlasting God, come down.:||

CHARLES WESLEY, and JOHN CENNICK.
 Altered by M. MADAN.

15

8s, 7s & 4s.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
 Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round:
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound.

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 Ye, who long for His appearing,
 Then shall say, this God is mine!
 Gracious Savior,
 Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By His look, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say,—“Come near, ye blessed!
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You forever
 Shall my love and glory know.”

JOHN NEWTON. 1774.

16

C. M. 8 lines.

ONCE more, O Lord Thy sign shall be
 Upon the heav'n's displayed,
 And earth and its inhabitants
 Be terribly afraid:
 For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,
 Our woes, our sins to bear,
 But girt with all Thy Father's might,
 His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
 O who can understand?
 Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
 Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
 The sun in heaven grow pale;
 But Thou hast sworn and wilt not change,
 Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass,
 Our time in trembling here,
 That when upon the clouds of heaven
 Thy glory shall appear.
 Uplifting high our joyful heads
 In triumph we may rise,
 And enter, with Thine angel train,
 Thy palace in the skies.

GEO. W. DOANE.

17

L. M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
 What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2. When shriveling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll:
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!—
 3 Oh! on that day—that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
 Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away!

Hymn of the 13th century.

18

11s.

A voice from the desert comes awful
 and shrill;
 The Lord is advancing; prepare ye
 the way!

The word of His promise He comes to
 fulfill,
 And o'er the dark world pour the
 splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain,
 though towering to heaven,
 And be the low valley exalted on
 high;

The rough path and crooked be made
 smooth and even,
 He cometh! our King, our Redeemer
 is nigh!

3 The beams of salvation His progress
 illumine,
 The lone, dreary wilderness sings of
 her God;

The rose and the myrtle there suddenly
 bloom,
 And the olive of peace spreads its
 branches abroad.

DRUMMOND, 1585—1649.

19

S. M. D.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

REFRAIN.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood
And take my sins away.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be wheré tempests cease,
And surges swell no more—REF.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.—REF.

4 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.—REF.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857, ab.

20

6s & 4.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright;
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

MRS BONAR.

21

P. M.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ are first to rise
 At that last trumpet's sounding ;
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 In woe they rise, but all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing ;
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before His throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

W. B. COLLYER, 1812.

22

7s D.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night ;
 What its sign of promise are ;
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman does its beauteous ray
 Aught of joy or hope foretell ?
 Traveler, yes ; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
 Higher yet that star ascends ;
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends ;
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveler, ages are its own ;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn ;
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn ;
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home !
 Traveler, lo ! the Prince of peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

JOHN BOWRING 1825.

23

L. M. 6 lines.

O come, O come, Emanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel ;
 That mourns in lowly exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.

REFRAIN.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny,
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.

—REF.

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and
 cheer

Our spirits by Thine Advent here ;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.

—REF.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come
 And open wide our heavenly home ;
 Make safe the way that leads on high
 And close the path to misery.—REF.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might!
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height
 In ancient times did'st give the law,
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.—REF.
 Latin Hymn. 12th century.

24

8s & 7s.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death!
 Rise on us, Thyself revealing,
 Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
 In our deepest darkness rise;
 Scatter all the night of nature;
 Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Every burdened soul release;
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.
 CHAS. WESLEY, 1744.

25

8s & 7s.

CROWN His head with endless blessing,
 Who, in God the Father's name,
 With compassion, never ceasing,
 Comes salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo! Jehovah, we adore Thee,
 Thee, our Saviour; Thee, our God!
 From His throne His beams of glory
 Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
 Thee, our God, in praise we own;
 Highest honors, never failing,
 Rise eternal round Thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
 In your grateful strains adore;
 For His mercy, never ceasing,
 Flows, and flows for evermore.

WM. GOODE.

26

8s & 7s. 4 lines.

HARK! a thrilling voice proclaiming,
 Sounds aloud the coming light;
 From the heavens, brightly gleaming,
 Christ shall chase away the night.

2 Souls, immersed in sin, and torpid,
 Wounded by its venom'd stings,
 Now shall rise: for lo! the Day Star
 Comes with healing in his wings.

3 From on high, the Lamb commissioned
 To remove our guilt, appears:
 Let us all, to gain His pardon,
 Pray with penitential tears—

4 That, when at His second Advent,
 Clouds of glory mark His path,
 And the world in fiery deluge
 Sinks beneath His dreadful wrath;—

5 We may not for sins be driven
 Exiles into endless doom,
 But, beneath His strong protection
 Sheltered, reach eternal Home.

Translated by E. E. HIGBEE.

27

S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord !
 Amen, so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word,—
 'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !

4 My thirsty spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above !

5 I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of heaven
 Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

6 "Forever with the Lord !"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 E'en here to me fulfil.

7 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord !"

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1835.

28

S. M.

O where shall rest be found,—
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh:
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be banished from Thy face,
 And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

29

11s. & 10s.

COME unto me when shadows darkly
 gather,
 When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
 Seeking for comfort from your heavenly
 Father ;

Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
 dwelling.

Glad are the homes that sorrows never
 dim ;

Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:

Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

MRS. C. H. ESLING, 1839.
ANON. 1846.

30

11s. & 10s.

WE need Thee, Saviour, when dear eyes are closing,
When on the cheek the shadow lieth strong,
When the soft lines are set in that reposing
What never mother cradled with a song.

2 Then *most* we need the gentle Human Feeling
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,
And that great Love Divine its light revealing
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

3 Then most we need the Voice that while it weepeth
Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith—
“Weep not, thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth;
Only believe, for I have conquered death.”

4 Then most we need the thoughts of Resurrection,
Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin, and woe,
But ever in the fulness of perfection,
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

5 Didst Thou not enter in when that cold sleeper
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her rise?

6 Come to us Saviour! in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and helpless grief,
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of Resurrection,
Bring us the comfort of a true Belief.

7 Come! with that Human Voice that breaks in weeping,
Come! with that awful Tenderness Divine,
Come! tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,
But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

31

L. M.

THE Lord will come—the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come—but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suff'ring and the dead.

3 The Lord will come,—a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind
Appointed Judge of human kind.

4. Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,—
By power oppressed, and mocked by
 pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

5 Go tyrants! to the rocks complain,
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy,—"The Lord is come!"
 REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

32

L. M.

HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour,
 reigns,
Praise Him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne;
Though gloomy clouds His way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs:
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

ISAAC WATTS.

33

L. M.

JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits,
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 O come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be
 hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

3 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by Thy grace, to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering
 power.

WM. H. BATHURST.

34

L. M.

WHEN shades of night around us
 close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing, sigh, O Lord, for Thee.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear,
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery ;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

LATIN HYMN.—HYMNS A & M.

35

7s & 6s.

BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope ;

5 But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day ;

7 There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever
And worship face to face.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1150.
TRANS. JNO. M. NEALE.

36

7s, & 6s. 8 lines

JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast :
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1150.
TRANS. JNO. M. NEALE.

37

7s & 6s.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of Thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion;
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 The Lamb is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 The corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

38

7s & 6s.

THE world is very evil,
 The times are waxing late,
 Be sober and keep vigil,
 The Judge is at the gate;
 The Judge who comes in mercy,
 The Judge who comes with might,
 Who comes to end the evil,
 Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead;
 To light that has no evening,
 That knows no moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children
 Who here as exiles mourn;
 'Midst power that knows no limit,
 Where wisdom has no bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
 True cure of the distress:
 Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light,
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1150.
 TRANS. JNO. M. NEALE, 1851.

39

S. M.

COME, kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love !
 Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.

2 Over our Spirits first
 Extend Thy healing reign ;
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst
 That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God !
 And make the broad earth Thine ;
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
 That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;
 And in its shade like brothers rest,
 Sons of one family.

JOHN JOHNS, 1837.

40

S. M.

O Saviour of our race,
 Welcome indeed Thou art,
 Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace,
 To this my longing heart !

2 Light of the world abide
 Through faith within my heart ;
 Leave me to seek no other guide,
 Nor e'er from Thee depart.

3 Thou art the Life, O Lord !
 Sole Light of life Thou art !
 Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
 In vain on my dark heart.

4 Star of the East, arise !
 Drive all my clouds away ;
 Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
 Into the perfect day.

CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

41

S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take ;
 Loud to the praise of Love divine,
 Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our house above,
 We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine ;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at His control ;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

5 Wait, till the shadows flee ;
 Wait thine appointed hour ;
 Wait, till the Bridegroom of thy soul
 Reveal His love with power.

6 The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But that it flowed for thee!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1772.

42

S. M.

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.

6 Come, Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

H. BONAR, 1856.

43

S. M.

THE Son of Man shall come
With angel hosts around,
'Mid darkening sun and falling stars,
And trumpet's solemn sound.

2 Awake, ye slumbering souls,
It is no time for rest;
He comes, as comes the lightning flash
Shining from east to west.

3 Thy servants, Lord, prepare
For that tremendous day;
Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

4 Help us to wait the hour
In toil and holy fear,
When, manifested with Thy saints,
Thou shalt again appear.

5 Then, when the wailing earth
Thy sign in heaven shall see,
Thou shalt send forth Thine angel band
To gather us to Thee.

H. W. BEADON.

44

C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
||: And heaven and nature sing: ||

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains

||: Repeat the sounding joy, :||

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
||:Far as the curse is found.:||

4 Herules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
||:And wonders of His love:||

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

45

L. M.

HAIL, Jesus! Israel's Hope and Light!
Prophets and Priests prepared Thy
way,

Thy people thro' the breaking night,
||:With waiting joy fore-saw Thy day.:||

2 By Jacob's Star the Gentiles found
Light on their mystic longing poured;
Wise men from dismal regions round,
||:Bowed at Thy manger and adored.:||

3 Thy Advent, Lord, revives the world;
Thy life shall waiting nations know;
The banner of Thy truth unfurled,
||:Shall glorious on the mountains glow.:||

4 The vales, where darkness lingers last,
Now kindle in prophetic light;
The morning breaks! for ever past
||:The fearful reign of ancient night.:||

5 Hail, glorious Advent! heavenly birth!
Shout, saints, in triumph Christ appears;
Good-will to men, and peace on earth,
||:Shall reign throughout the golden years.:||

46

L. M.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh:
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Earth, air and sea, with joy elate,
For their Creator's Advent wait.
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

3 We, too, will greet our coming God;
And cleanse our hearts, and smooth the
road;
And make within a place of rest,
Meet home for such a royal Guest.

4 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without Thy aid, like withering grass,
Man into nothingness must pass.

5 To heal the sick stretch forth Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Reveal Thy face and joy restore,
And make earth paradise once more.

LATIN HYMN.—Translated by J. CHANDLER.

47

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill.
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

48

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and oh! amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

49

12s.

THE voice of free grace cries, escape
to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every trans-
gression,
||: His blood flows most freely in streams
of salvation. :||
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath pur-
chased our pardon,
||: We'll praise him again, when we pass
over Jordan. :||

2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee
to the Saviour!
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor!
Your sins are increasing, escape to the
mountain—
||: His blood can remove them, it flows
from the fountain. :||
Hallelujah to the Lamb etc.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly
glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, Thou art more
than victorious;

Thy name is the theme of the great con-
gregation,

||: While angels and men raise the shout of
salvation. :||

Hallelujah to the Lamb etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped
to the shore;

With harps in our hands, we'll praise
Him the more;

We'll range the sweet plains on the banks
of the river,

||: And sing of salvation forever and ever! :||
Hallelujah to the Lamb etc.

R. BURDSALL.

50

C. M.

FAIR vision! how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue:
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet how strangely true.

2 With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles;
Vain is the Tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

3 Then welcome toil and care and pain,
And welcome sorrow too;
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

4 Come crown and throne, come robe and
palm,
Burst forth, glad stream of peace:
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

5 When shall the cloud's that veil thy
rays

For ever be withdrawn?

Why dost thou tarry, day of days?

When shall thy gladness dawn?

HORATIUS BONAR.

51

C. M.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign
Power,

By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left His throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

ANNE STEELE.

52

C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes!

The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

53

C. P. M.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge,
shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;

But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, 1772.

54

8s & 11s.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heav'n hosanna sing,
Hosanna! Lord! hosanna in the highest!

2 "Hosanna, Lord!" Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna, Lord!" Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound,
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this, Thy house of prayer
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
highest!

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

55

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe!
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see.

Latin Hymn 8th Century.

56

P. M.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blessed?

REFRAIN.

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—REF.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;—REF.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth,
As on thy spotless shore;—REF.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;—REF.

6 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I feel t'will not be long;
 Patience! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;—REF.
 F. W. FABER, 1849.

57

7s. 8 lines.

HARK! the song of jubilee
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore;
 "Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign!"
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis
 done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away;
 Then the end; beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is All in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

58

7s, 6s. D.

REJOICE, all ye believers!
 And let your lights appear;
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near;
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon He draweth nigh;
 Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle;
 At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear;
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Ye saints! who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign forever,
 Where sorrow is no more;
 Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere:
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord! to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee.

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, 1700.

59

7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with alleluias rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of Peace was born,
 Songs of Praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heavens and earth,
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice,
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. MONTGOMERY.

60

8s, 7s, & 4s.

HOLY Saviour, we adore Thee,
 Seated on the throne of God;
 All heav'n's hosts bow down before
 Thee,

And we sing Thy praise aloud,
 ||:Thou art worthy!:||
 We were ransomed by Thy blood.

2 Saviour, though the world despised
 Thee,

Though Thou here wast crucified
 Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,
 Lord of all creation wide;
 ||:Thou art worthy!:||
 We shall live, for Thou hast died.

3 And though here on earth rejected,
 'Tis but fellowship with Thee;
 What besides could be expected
 Than like Thee, our Lord, to be?
 ||:Thou art worthy!:||
 Thou from earth hast set us free.

4 Haste the day of Thy returning,
 With Thy ransomed Church to reign;
 Then shall end our days of mourning,
 We shall sing with rapture then,
 ||:"Thou art worthy!":||
 Come, Lord Jesus, come.

SAMUEL P. TREGELLES.

CHRISTMAS.

61

7s. D.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 ||: With th' angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem! :||

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate Deity!
 ||: Pleased as man with men to dwell;
 Jesus, our Immanuel! :||

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of
 Peace!
 Hail the Son of Righteousness!
 Risen with healing in His wings:
 Light and life to all He brings;
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die:
 ||: Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth. :||

C. WESLEY, 1739.

62

C. M.

CALM on the listening ear of night,
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there,
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply;
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring —
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King!"

E. H. SEARS, 1838

63

C. M. D.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold;

“Peace on the earth, good-will to men
 From heaven’s all gracious King.”
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they
 come,

With peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O’er all the weary world:
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o’er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye beneath life’s crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow!
 Look now, for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing:
 O rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
 By prophets seen of old,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Shall come the time foretold,
 When the new heaven and earth shall
 own

The Prince of Peace their King,
 And the whole world send back the
 song
 Which now the angels sing.

AMEN.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850.

64

C. M.

JESUS! I love Thy charming name,
 ’Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My Transport and my Trust,
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In Thee doth richly meet;
 Not to mine eyes is life so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

5 I’ll speak the honors of Thy name,
 With my last laboring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
 arms,
 The antidote of death.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

65

P. M.

O come, all ye faithful, Joyfully tri-
 umphant,
 To Bethlehem hasten now with glad
 accord,
 Lo! in a manger lies the King of an-
 gels;

||:O come, let us adore Him!:||
 Christ the Lord!

2 God of God Almighty, Light of Light
Eternal,
Thou hast not, O Christ, The Virgin's
womb abhorred;
Very God of Very God, begotten not
created:
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

3 Shout Alleluia, all ye choirs of angels,
Rejoice, heav'nly citizens, with glad
accord;
Glory to God! to God on high be glory!
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Here, Lord! we would greet Thee,
born this happy morning,
O Jesus! for ever be Thy Name adored,
Word of the Father, now for us In-
carnate!
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

LATIN HYMN. 15TH CENTURY. TRANS.

66

C. M.

TO us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
||:Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.:||

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
||:The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!:||

3 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
||:Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.:||

JOHN MORRISON, 1781.

67

10s & 11s.

ZION, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly
His birth!

The brightest arch-angel in glory ex-
celling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns
upon earth!

CHORUS:

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to
nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth
echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers sal-
vation,
How His people with joy everlasting
are crowned.—CHORUS.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully
bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna
arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth
and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Messiah is King! Messiah is King!

W. A. MUHLENBERG. 1826.

68

8s. & 7s.

HARK! the sound of angel-voices,
 Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
 Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
 Jesus comes on earth to reign.

2 See celestial radiance beaming,
 Lighting up the midnight sky;
 'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
 'Tis the day-spring from on high.

3 Westward all along the ages,
 Trace its pathway clear and bright;
 Star of hope to eastern sages,
 Radiant now with Gospel light.

4 Angels from the realms of glory,
 Peace on earth delight to sing;
 Christian tell the wondrous story,
 Go proclaim the Saviour King!

ANON.

69

8s. & 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
 Heav'nly alleluias rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!"

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from
 heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth His praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His name and taste His joy,
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!"

JOHN CAWOOD, 1825.

70

8s. & 7s.

HAIL! Thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us;
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Long-desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, yet God our King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne

CHAS. WESLEY, 1744.

71

C. M.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue;
 His rich display of grace demands
 A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise:
Prepare the Lord His way.

5 Behold, He comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

ISAAC WATTS.

72

C. M.

O Thou, who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Although by stars Thou dost not
lead

Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as thou art.

JOHN MASON NEALE. 1850.

73

H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1750.

74

C. M.

O very God of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are
strong,

Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and oh! we long
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

3 And even now, though dull and grey,
The east is bright'ning fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing on Thy wings.

J. M. NEALE.

75

11s & 10s.

HAIL to the brightness of Zions glad
morning!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have
lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild
reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad
morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel fore-
told;

Hail to the millions from bondage re-
turning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-
hold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are
springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in
song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of
the ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and com-
motion;

Shouts of salvation are rending the
sky.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

76

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of
the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Thine aid,

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid,

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
shining;

Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,

Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adoring,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

77

8s & 7s. 6 lines.

TO the Name of our salvation,
Honor, worship, thanks we pay!
Which, for many a generation
Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud today.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,

3

Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell;

3 'Tis the Name for adoration;
'Tis the Name of Victory;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In this vale of misery;
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had haltet,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we Thy Name adoring
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring.
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upwards soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Latin Hymn, 15th Century. Translated by J. M. NEALE.

78

C. M.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
The angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

2 Good-will to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.

3 They never sank so low,
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to His own;
For them He shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

J. RYLAND.

82

S. M.

GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

3 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

4 Oh that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright!
Oh that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

5 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power
In death to praise Thy name.

EMMA TOKE.

83

S. M.

FATHER! our hearts we lift
Up to Thy gracious throne,
And thank Thee for the precious gift
Of Thine incarnate Son.

2 Jesus, the Holy Child,
Doth, by His birth, declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in Him we are.

3 A peace on earth He brings,
Which nevermore shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares Himself our Friend.

4 Oh! may we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace;
And meekly in His Spirit live,
And in His love increase.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

84

L. M.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherd through the
night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry
light.

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant Alleluias stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

3 Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky,
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her Spirits to the midnight hour,

4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While loud they struck their harps and
sang.

5 He comes! to cheer the trembling heart;
Bid Satan and his wiles depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

6 O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh.
Sing praises, with the angel host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1820.

85

L. M.

NOT by the martyr's death alone
The martyr's crown in heaven is won:
There is a triumph set on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

2 What though he was not called to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died,
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

3 What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.

4 When self-control the flesh subdues,
And faith the wayward soul imbues,
Love, with her torch-light from the skies,
Shall fire the holy sacrifice.

5 Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn;
And when this fleeting life is o'er
May live with Thee for evermore.

Latin Hymn. Translation Compiled.

86

L. M.

O Thou, who gav'st Thy servant grace
On Thee the living rock to rest,
To look on Thine unveiled face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast;

2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;

3 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.

REGINALD HEBER.

87

L. M. D.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,

Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's
thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,—
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806.

88

L. M.

O Christ, Redeemer of our race,
Thou Brightness of the Father's face,
Of Him and with Him ever One,
||: Ere times and seasons had begun; ||

2 Thou that art very Light of Light,
Unfailing Hope in sin's dark night,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people
pray

||: The wide world o'er, this blessed day. :||

3 Remember, Thou, who all didst make,
How, for Thy fallen creatures' sake,
Thou, in the holy virgin's womb,
||: Didst our humanity assume. :||

4 To-day, as year by year its light
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
One precious truth is echoed on,
||: "Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou
alone." :||

5 Thou from the Father's throne didst
come
To call His banished children home;
And heaven and earth, and sea and
shore
||: His love who sent Thee here adore. :||

6 And gladsome too are we to-day,
Whose guilt Thy blood has washed
away,
Redeemed, the new-made song we sing;
||: It is the birthday of our King. :||

Latin Hymn, 6th Century. H. W. BAKER & E. CASWALL.

NEW YEAR.

89

P. M.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master
appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor
of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a
stream,

Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay.

The arrow is flown, — the moment is
gone;

The millennial year
Rushes on to our view and eternity's
here.

3 Oh, that each in the day of His coming
may say,

“I have fought my way through:
I have finished the work Thou didst
give me to do!”

Oh, that each from his Lord may re-
ceive the glad word.

“Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne!”

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

90

7s.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year;
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer hear!

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for Thy promised crown!

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of Lords, and King of kings!

HENRY DOWNTON, 1843.

91

7s. D.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to Thee.

Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year — farewell!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let Thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

RAY PALMER, 1839.

92

L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty
hand,

By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year Thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

93

L. M. D.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips em-
ploy,

While in Thy temple we appear,
To hail Thee Sovereign of the year!
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery spring at Thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
Thy hand, in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,

Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIGE.

94

C. M.

THY blood, O Christ, hath made our
peace;

Not only that, whereby
The ground of Calvary was stained,
When Thou wert hung on high.

2 Not only that, which in Thine hour
Of fear and agony,
Distilled upon Thy trembling frame,
In dark Gethsemane:

3 But that shed from Thee, when at first
In childhood Thou didst deign
Thus to endure for sinful man
The legal rite of pain.

4 And as with suffering and with Thee
Our yearly course begins;
So teach us to renounce the flesh
And put away our sins;

5 That in the Israel of Thy Church
We may not lose our part:
In spirit and in body pure,
And circumcised in heart.

HENRY ALFORD, 1845.

95

S. M.

THE ancient law departs
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

Latin Hymn, Hymns A. & M.

96

L. M.

REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and
praise

The blessings of redeeming grace!
Jesus, your everlasting tower
Stands firm against the tempest's power.

2 He is a refuge ever nigh;
His love endures as mountains high;
His name's a rock, which winds above,
And waves below, can never move.

3 While all things change, He changes
not;
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;
His love will ever be the same;
His word, enduring as His name.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise
 The blessings of His wondrous grace!
 Jesus, your everlasting tower,
 Can bear, unmoved, the tempest's power.

97

L. M.

NO change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
 For Thou hast always been my Rock,
 A Fortress and Defence to me.

2 Thou my Deliverer art, O God;
 My trust is in Thy mighty power,
 Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
 At home my Safeguard and my Tower.

3 To Thee will I address my prayer,
 To whom all praise we justly owe;
 So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
 Be guarded safe from every foe.

TATE AND BRADY, 1767 (?)

EPIPHANY.—MISSIONS.

98

7s. 6s. D.

HAIL to the Lord's annointed,
Great David's greater Son!

Hail, in the time appointed,

His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,

To set the captive free,

To take away transgression,

And rule in equity.

2 Kings shall fall down before Him,

And gold and incense bring:

All nations shall adore Him;

His praise all people sing;

For He shall have dominion

O'er river, sea, and shore,

Far as the eagle's pinion

Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing

And daily vows ascend;

His kingdom still increasing,

A kingdom without end.

The heavenly dew shall nourish

A seed in weakness sown,

Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,

And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,

He on His throne shall rest;

From age to age more glorious,

All-blessing and all-blessed.

The tide of time shall never

His covenant remove;

His name shall stand for ever;

His great, best name of Love!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

99

7s. 6 lines.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,

Show the brightness of Thy face,

Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,

Fill Thy Church with light divine;

And Thy saving health extend

Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!

Let Thy love on all be poured;

Let the nations shout and sing

Glory to their Saviour King;

At Thy feet their tribute pay,

And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!

Earth shall then her fruits afford,

God to man His blessings give,

Man to God devoted live;

All below, and all above,

One in joy, and light, and love.

H. F. LYTE.

100

7s. 6 lines.

AS with gladness men of old

Did the guiding star behold;

As with joy they hailed its light,

Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

WM. CHATTERTON DIX, 1860.

101

7s. 6 lines.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light;
Sun of righteousness, arise,

Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, draw near;
Day-star in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see:
Lord, Thy inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine;
Scatter all our unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

102

8s & 7s. D.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Nevermore Thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee,
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

103

S. M.

FIERCE raged the storm of wind,
 The surging waves ran high,
 Filled Thy disciples' hearts with fear,
 Though Thou their Lord, wast nigh.

2 But at the stern rebuke
 Of Thy Almighty word,
 The wind was hushed, the billows ceased
 And owned Thee God and Lord.

3 So, now, when depths of sin
 Our souls with terror fill,
 Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
 And speak Thy "Peace, be still,"

4 When death's dark sea we cross,
 Be with us in Thy power,
 Nor let the water-floods prevail
 In that dread trial hour.

5 And when, amid the signs
 Which speak Thine Advent near,
 The roaring of the sea and waves
 Fills faithless hearts with fear;

6 May we all undismayed
 Thy raging tempest see,
 Lift up our heads and hail with joy
 Thy great Epiphany.

7 All praise to Thee, of old
 By sign and wonder known;
 All praise to Thee, to be revealed
 Upon the judgment throne.

HIDE W. BEADON.

104

10s.

O Lord of health and life, what tongue
 can tell
 How at Thy word were loosed the bands
 of hell;
 How Thy pure touch removed the lep-
 rous stain,
 And the polluted flesh grew clean again?

2 Oh! wash our hearts, restore the con-
 trite soul,
 Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and
 make us whole;
 Oh! bend our stubborn knees to kneel
 to Thee;
 Speak but the word, and we once more are free.

3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of
 Thy love,
 Thy love which can all guilt, all pain
 remove;

Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation
bring,
Then sickness hath no pang, and death
no sting.

4 We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds
of grace;
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy
face,
So, when that face again unveiled we
see,
Sickness and tears and death no more
shall be.

5 Then grant us strength to pray "Thy
kingdom come,"
When we shall know Thee in Thy
Father's home,
And at Thy great Epiphany adore
The co-eternal Godhead evermore.

GREVILLE PHILLIMORE.

105

8s & 3.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the
deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry:
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

2 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us, from the shore,
Say, (lest we sink to rise no more)
"Peace, be still."

GODFREY THRING.

106

C. M.

THOU art the way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

107

C. M.

ABIDE among us with Thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore,
Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

2 Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer whom we love:
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

3 Abide among us with Thy ray,
O Light that lighten'st all;
And let Thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.

4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
With grace and power our souls fulfill,
Our faith and love increase.

5 Abide among us as our Shield,
O Captain of Thy host;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

6 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be!
Thy help at need, oh! let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

J. STEGMANN,

Translated by Catherine Winkworth.

108

C. M.

O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Spirit of grace ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then wakens love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire.

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

109

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King:
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

110

L. M.

TIS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk through deserts dark as
 night;

Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
 Though lions roar and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

111

L. M.

GOD in His earthly temples lays
 Foundations for His heavenly praise:
 He likes the tents of Jacob well;
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house,
 That pays its night and morning vows;
 But makes a more delightful stay,
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
 What wonders are of Zion told!
 Thou city of our God below!
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives anew;
 Angels and men shall join to sing
 The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
 Of natives in His holy mount,
 'Twill be an honor to appear
 As one new-born and nourished there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

112

L. M.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
 Through distant lands His triumphs
 spread,

And sinners, freed from endless pains,
 Own Him their Saviour and their Head.

2 He calls His chosen from afar,
 They all at Zion's gates arrive;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Gentiles and Jews His laws obey,
 Nations remote their offerings bring,
 And unconstrained their homage pay
 To their exalted God and King.

4 O may His holy Church increase,
 His World and spirit still prevail,
 While angels celebrate His praise,
 And saints His growing glories hail!

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below, and all above!
 In lofty songs exalt His name,—
 In songs as lasting as His love.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

113

L. M.

O Christ, our true and only light!
 Illumine those who sit in night;
 Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
 And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 And all who else have strayed from Thee
 Oh, gently seek! Thy healing be
 To every wounded conscience given,
 And let them also share Thy heaven.

3 Oh make the deaf to hear Thy word,
 And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
 Who dare not yet the faith avow,
 Though secretly they hold it now.

4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
 Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;
 Unite those now who walk apart,
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

5 So they, with us, may evermore
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
 And endless praise to Thee be given.
 By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

114

L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
 Out of the depths to Thee I call;
 My fears are great, my strength is small,

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm,
 Defend me from each threatening ill:
 Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
 Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek:
 Let neither winds nor stormy main
 Force back my shattered bark again.

W. COWPER.

115

12s & 11s.

WHILE Thou, O my God, art my
 Help and Defender,
 No cares can overwhelm me, no terrors
 appall;

The wiles and the snares of this world
 will but render

||: More lively my hope in my God and
 my All. :||

2 Yes; Thou art my Refuge in sorrow
 and danger;
 My strength, when I suffer; my Hope,
 when I fall;

My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger;
 ||: My Treasure, my Glory, my God
 and my All. :||

3 To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn
 without ceasing;
 Though grief may oppress me, or sor-
 row befall;

And love Thee, till death, my blest spir-
it releasing,

||:Secures to me Jesus, my God and
my All:||

4 And when Thou demandest the life
Thou hast given,

With joy will I answer Thy merciful
call;

And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee
in heaven,

||:My portion forever, my God and my
All.:||

W. YOUNG.

116

C. M.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!

His natures two, His person one,

||:Mysterious and divine.:||

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring is the same;

Eternity and time are joined

||:In our Immanuel's name.:||

3 Blest He that comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heaven;

Hosanna of the highest strain,

||:To Christ the Lord be given!:|| °

4 Let mortals never refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,

Lest rocks and stones should rise, and
break

||:Their silence into songs.:||

ISAAC WATTS.

117

C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!

'Tis pleasure to our ears;

A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,

At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise by grace divine,

To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

118

C. M.

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing

My great Redeemer's praise,

The glories of my God and King,

The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,

Assist me to proclaim,

To spread through all the earth abroad

The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,

That bids our sorrows cease—

'Tis music to my ravished ears,

'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,

He sets the prisoner free;

His blood can make the foulest clean:

His blood availed for me.

121

S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do, be Thou the Way,
In all, be Thou the End.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee:

4 If done beneath Thy laws,
Even servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

GEORGE HERBERT.

122

S. M.

ALL praise to Thee, O Lord!
Who by Thy mighty power
Didst manifest Thy glory forth
In Cana's marriage hour.

2 Thou speakest: it is done:
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blessed they who know
Thine unseen Presence true,
When in the Kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly Bread.

6 Oh may that grace be ours,
In Thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which Thou alone canst give.

7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany.

HYDE W. BEADON.

123

S. M.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If, in my Father's love,
 I share a filial part,
 Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 My faith shall—"Abba, Father!"—cry
 And Thou the kindred own.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

124

L. M. 6 lines.

THOU hidden source of calm repose!
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine!
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for Thou art mine.
 Thou art my fortress, strength and tower,
 My trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, my All in all Thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart:
 In storms my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My strength beneath the tyrant's frown:
 In shame my glory and my crown.

3 In want, my plentiful supply:
 In weakness, my almighty power:
 In bonds my perfect liberty;
 My refuge in temptation's hour;
 My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall;
 My life in death, my All in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

125

S. M.

WITHIN the Father's house
 The Son hath found his home;
 And to His temple suddenly
 The Lord of life hath come,

2 The doctors of the law
 Gaze on the wondrous Child,
 And marvel at His gracious words
 Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
 The mighty truth to know,
 To lift the fleshly veil which hides
 Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
 Escapes each human eye,
 And faithful pondering hearts await
 The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,
 And teach us by Thy grace
 Each dim revealing of Thyself
 With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight
 The cloud shall pass away,
 And on the cleansed soul shall burst
 The everlasting day.

JAMES R. WOODFORD.

126

L. M. D.

O Master, it is good to be
 High on the mountain here with
 Thee;

Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 Those glorious saints of other days;

Who once received on Horeb's height
Th' eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than
fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word
that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With Him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow.
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy Mount with Thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice.
Though love wax cold, and faith be
dim—

"This is my Son—Oh hear ye Him."

A. P. STANLEY.

127

7s. D.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host, over-thrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign;
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

128

L. M.

WHAT star is this with beams so
bright,
More beauteous than the noon-day light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

2 And lo! the eastern sages stand
To read in heaven the Lord's com-
mand:

Children of faith they come; they find
The Prince and Saviour of mankind.

3 They bless the meek and holy Child,
An infant, Lord, and Monarch mild:
Their riches at His feet they pour
And with the heart their King adore.

4 O heavenly Lord, O holy Light,
That shines through Nature's wonder-
ing night,
What marvels in Thy love we trace,
What power divine, what glorious grace.

5 And now, thou bright and morning star,
Arise again and shine afar
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Till utmost tribes their King adore.
Latin Hymn. Translation Compiled.

129

L. M.

THROUGH Israel's coasts, in times
of old,
When Thou didst dwell with men below,
By signs and wonders manifold
Thou didst, O Lord, Thy glory show.

2 But not alone Thy mighty power
Shone forth from every wondrous sign:
Day unto day, and hour to hour,
Spoke forth Thy love and grace divine.

3 And now Thou reignest, Lord, above,
We none the less Thy wonders trace:
Unwearied are Thy calls of love,
Unspent Thy miracles of grace.

4 Thou who didst make the water wine,
Our earthly with Thy heavenly fill:
Our scant obedience change to Thine,
Our passions to Thy blessed will.

HENRY ALFORD.

130

L. M.

ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
His altered face resplendent shines
And while He elevates His hands,
Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suff'ring Prince below;
But while they worship at His feet,
They talk of fast approaching woe.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary He turns His eyes,
And with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all His beaming glories shine,
And gazing on His brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 Oh, that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils—
I too may elevate my hands.

131

L. M.

ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we
stand;

The voice that marshaled every star,
||:Has called Thy people from afar.:||

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
||:The thunder of Thy praise to roll.:||

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
||:The single eye, the faithful heart:||

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
||:To spread the spacious earth around.:||

W. B. COLLYER.

132

TELL it out among the nations that
the Lord is King;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them
shout and sing;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration that He shall
increase,

That the mighty King of glory is the
King of Peace;

Tell it out with jubilation, let the song
never cease;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the people, that the
Saviour reigns.

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the heathen, bid them
break their chains;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that
Jesus lives,

Tell it out among the weary ones what
rest He gives,

Tell it out among the sinners that He
came to save;

Tell it out! Tell it out.

3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus
reigns above;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations that His
reign is love;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the
lanes at home,

Let it ring across the mountains and the
ocean's foam,

That the weary, heavy-laden, need no
longer roam;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

133

7s & 6s. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river,

From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver

Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes

Blow soft over Ceylon's isle,

Though every prospect pleases,

And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown,

The heathen in his blindness

Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

134

7s & 6s. D.

OUR country's voice is pleading.
 Ye men of God, arise!
 His providence is leading,
 The land before you lies;
 Day-gleams are over it brightening,
 And promise clothes the soil;
 Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
 Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
 On California's shore,
 Christ's precious Gospel taking,
 More rich than golden ore;
 On Alleghany's mountains,
 Through all the western vale,
 Beside Missouri's fountains,
 Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west,
 Till all, His cross beholding,
 In Him are fully blest.
 Great Author of salvation,
 Haste, haste the glorious day,
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy sceptre shall obey.

MRS. M. F. ANDERSON, 1848.

135

7s & 6s. D.

THE morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The Gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in Thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1831.

136

7s & 6s. D.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 “Ye that are men, now serve Him,”
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the Gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day, the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally!

GEO. DUFFIELD, 1858.

137

8s & 7s. D.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,
 “Who will go and work today?
 Fields are white and harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?”
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward He offers thee:
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 “Here am I; send me, send me!”

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door.
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite;
 And the least you do for Jesus,
 Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman,
 Standing high on Zion's wall,
 Pointing out the path to heaven,
 Offering life and peace to all;
 With your prayers and with your bounties
 You can do what Heaven demands;
 You can be like faithful Aaron,
 Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you,
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 “There is nothing I can do”
 Gladly take the task He gives you,
 Let His work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 “Here am I, O Lord send me.”

D. MARCH.

138

8s & 7s. D.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 As the seed by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

MRS. PHOEBE A. HANAFORD.

139

8s & 7s. D.

SAVIOUR! sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the Gentiles told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,

As the new mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the
sight,
For Thy spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue;
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX, 1851.

140

8s, 7s & 4s.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul! be still,—and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
||:Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.:||

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary:
||:Let the Gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole!:||

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
||:Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.:||

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer,— never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:

||: Sway Thy scepter,
Saviour! all the world around.:|| °

W. WILLIAMS, 1772.

141

6s & 5s. D.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

REFRAIN.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

T. J. POTTER.

142

S. M.

O Lord, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide over all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign,

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And over a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803.

143

6s & 4s.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer:
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
 The new-born souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

S. WOLCOTT.

144

P. M.

WORK, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

ANNA L. WALKER.

145

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
 Put on Thy strength, the nations
 shake,
 And let the world adoring see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee!

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah, God alone;"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
 In every land, of every name;
 Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour, Lord of all!

WM. SHRUBSOLE, 1795.

146

L. M.

ASCEND Thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread Thy glories all abroad;
Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before Thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek Thy face,
Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

3 Oh let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise Thy name,
Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

147

L. M.

LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
||: Benighted in this land of light. :||

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
||: Hear not the message sent from Thee! :||

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened
old,

A scattered, homeless flock, till all
||: Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold. :||

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
||: And bind and heal the broken heart. :||

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
||: And lift to heaven the voice of praise. :||

W. C. BRYANT.

148

L. M.

UPLIFT the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the crucified.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high
Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

149

L. M.

ZION! awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let th' admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall Thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3. Gentiles and kings Thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love Thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

W. SHRUBSOLE, 1796.

150

L. M.

LORD of the harvest! bend Thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
Oh, send forth laborers filled with zeal
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord! behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the laborers few.

3 Under the guidance of Thy hand
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow,
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the Gospel's joyful sound
Far as the race of man is found.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

151

C. P. M.

WHEN, Lord, to this our western
land,
Led by Thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came;

Their ancient homes, their friends in
youth,
Send forth the heralds of Thy truth,
To keep them in Thy name.

2 Then through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost,
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And Oh! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There brethren, from our common home
Still westward, like our fathers, roam
Still guided by Thy hand.

4 Saviour! we owe this debt of love
Oh, shed Thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim
And temples rise to fix Thy name,
Through all our desert west.

152

8s, 7s

GIRD Thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth Thy care,
Prosper in Thy course triumphant,
All success attend Thy war;
||: Gracious Victor, Gracious Victor,
Bring Thy trophies from afar. ||

2 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure Thy blessed conquests
Take possession of Thy right,
||: Ride triumphant, ride triumphant,
Decked in robes of purest light.:||

3 Blest are they that touch Thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own Thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain;
||: Saints and angels, Saints and angels,
All who know Thee, bless Thy reign.:||

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153

P. M.

A strong tower is the Lord our God,
 To shelter and defend us:
 Our shield His arm, our sword His rod,
 Against our foes befriend us:
 That ancient Enemy,
 His gathering power we see,
 His terrors and his toils,
 Yet victory with its spoils,
 Not earth, but Heaven shall send us.

2 Though wrestling with the wrath of
 hell,
 No might of man avail us:
 Our Captain is Immanuel,
 And angel comrades hail us!
 Still challenge ye His name
 "Christ in the flesh who came,"
 "The Lord, the Lord of hosts!"
 Our cause His succor boasts,
 And God shall never fail us.

3 Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,
 Embattled all, yet hidden;
 And though their proud usurping gods
 O'er thrones and shrines have stridden
 Nay, let them stand revealed,
 And darken all the field;
 We fear not: fall they must!
 The word, wherein we trust,
 Their triumph hath forbidden.

4 While mighty truth with us remains,
 Hell's arts shall move us never;
 Nor parting friendships, honors, gains,
 Our love from Jesus sever:
 They leave us, when they part,
 With Him a peaceful heart;
 And when from death we rise,
 Death yields us, as He dies,
 The crown of life forever.

W. M. BUNTING.

154

C. M.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty maker died
 For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

155

C. M.

GOD, my supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And, whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What, if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to Thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

156

C. M.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart
Forgetful of His word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou—wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour! I adore;
Oh! keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

157

C. M.

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

158

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dews of heaven descend,
And righteous growth abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield an hundred fold
Returns of peace and joy:

4 Nor let Thy Word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Go back to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

JNO. CAWOOD, 1825.

159

C. M.

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4. 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart, that's touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin.
But in Thy wounded side.

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

160

C. M.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of Thy grace,
Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
 By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
 From Jesus to depart.

3 But He for His own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores;
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
 The deep repentant sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in Thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at Thy feet
 Rejoice to seek Thy face;
 And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
 Thy condescending grace.

ANNA STEELE.

161

C. M.

JESUS, with all Thy saints above,
 My tongue would bear her part:
 Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
 And sing Thy bleeding heart.

2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with His blood,
 And quenched His Father's flaming sword
 In His own vital flood:

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
 From Satan's heavy chains,
 And sent the Lion down to howl
 Where hell and horror reigns,

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never-ceasing praise,
 While angels live to know His name,
 Or saints to feel His grace.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

162

C. M.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs,
 Come, render to Almighty grace,
 The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent His equal Son
 To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
 With a revenging rod,
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
 Accept Thine offered grace:
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

163

L. M.

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

166

L. M.

JUST as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,

O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,

O Lamb of God! I come!—I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind!
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,

O Lamb of God! I come!—I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,

O Lamb of God! I come!—I come!

6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,

O Lamb of God! I come!—I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

167

L. M.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and bannished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit,
Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

168

L. M.

BEHOLD the sin-atonng Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love!
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load:
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound,
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee:
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

169

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live,
Are not Thy mercies large and free,
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

170

L. M.

THOU loving Saviour of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep;
Oh, strengthen us, with grace divine,
This sacred fast aright to keep.

2 Searcher of hearts! Thou dost our ills
Discern and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee in tears we turn;
Again to us Thy mercy show.

3 Much have we sinned, but we confess
Our guilt and all our faults deplore:
Oh, for the praise of Thy great name,
These fainting souls to health restore!

4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

GREGORY THE GREAT. Translated by E. CASWALL.

171

L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

C. ELVEN, 1852.

172

S. M.

THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky!
Prostrate before Thy feet I fall,
And for Thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through Thine Incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To Thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou canst alone remove;
Do Thou display Thy pardoning grace,
And Thine unbounded love.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1790.

173

S. M.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head!
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

ISAAC WATTS.

174

S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The angels wondering see:
Hast thou no wonder, Oh, my soul?
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Might weep our sin and shame;
He wept to show His love for us,
And bid us love the same.

4 Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him.

BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

175

7s & 6s. M.

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ to Thee:

In Thee is all forgiveness,
 In Thee abundant grace,
 My shadow and my sunshine
 The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 How sad on Thee they fall!
 Seen through Thy gentle patience,
 I tenfold feel them all.

I know they are forgiven;
 But still, their pain to me
 Is all the grief and anguish,
 They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 Their guilt I never knew,
 Till, with Thee, in the desert
 I near Thy passion drew,
 Till, with Thee, in the garden
 I heard Thy pleading prayer,
 And saw the sweat-drops bloody
 That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour!
 E'en in this time of woe,
 Shall tell of all Thy goodness
 To suffering man below,
 Thy goodness and Thy favor,
 Whose presence from above,
 Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
 That live in Thee, and love.

JNO. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

176

7s & 6s. D.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us

From the accursed load:
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fullness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares,
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

H. BONAR, 1857.

177

7s. D.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

178

- F**ORTY days and forty nights
 Thou wast fasting in the wild;
 Forty days and forty nights
 Tempted and yet undefiled.
- 2 Sunbeams scorching all the day:
 Chilly dewdrops nightly shed:
 Prowling beasts about Thy way,
 Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

- 3 Shall we not Thy sorrow share,
 And from earthly joys abstain,
 Fasting with unceasing prayer,
 Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
- 4 And if Satan vexing sore
 Flesh or spirit should assail,
 Thou, his Vanquisher before,
 Grant we may not faint nor fail.
- 5 So shall we have peace divine,
 Holier gladness ours shall be:
 Round us too shall angels shine,
 Such as ministered to Thee.

GEO. H. SMYTTAN.

179

7s. D.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bend the adoring knee,
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—
 Oh, by all Thy pains and we,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years;
 By Thy life of want and tears;
 By Thy days of sore distress,
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread, mysterious hour
 Of the insulting Tempter's power,
 Turn, oh, turn, a favoring eye;
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the boding tears that flowed

Over Salem's loved abode;
 By the anguished eye that told
 Treachery lurked within the fold:
 From Thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn Litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair;
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice:
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone:
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God!
 Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord:
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany.

ROBERT GRANT, 1815.

180

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have scorned the Son of God,
 Trampled on His precious blood,
 Would not harken to His calls
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament—
 Deeply my revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

181

C. M.

THE solemn season calls us now,
 A holy fast to keep;
 To crowd within the temple walls,
 Lament, and pray, and weep.

2 And yet, O God, no plaintive sobs
 From Thee can pardon win,
 Unless the heart be moved with grief,
 And penitent for sin.

3 With Thee avail not smitten breast,
 Sad face, and garments rent,
 Unless the contrite soul be sad,
 And all its guilt lament.

4 With tears that speak a mourning heart,
 We Thee entreat, O God,
 From us Thine anger turn away,
 And stay the avenging rod.

5 Thou art a righteous Judge; oh, deign
 To spare the bruised reed:
 We pray for time to turn again,
 For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Trinity in Unity,
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

Latin Hymn. Translated by J. CHANDLER.

182

L. M.

I love Thee, Oh, most gracious Lord,
Not that Thou sav'st me by Thy word;
Nor yet because Thy wrath shall doom
||: Those loving not to endless gloom. :||

2 Thou, Thou, my Jesus, full of grace,
Didst me upon the cross embrace;
Didst bear the nails, the bloody spear,
||: The great disgrace, the rabble's jeer. :||

3 Innumerable griefs were Thine,
Great sweats and anguish, Lord, of mine!
The pangs of death, and all for me,
||: That I, poor wretch, might come to Thee! :||

4 Then why not love with all my heart?
O Jesus, most beloved Thou art!
Not that Thou sav'st my soul above,
||: Nor me condemn'st, do I Thee love. :||

5. Not for the hope of sure reward,
But for Thy love, O blessed Lord!
My love is Thine and ever shall be,
||: Because, my King, Thou reign'st o'er me! :||

FRANCIS XAVIER. Translated by C. C. COX.

183

L. M.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 Oh, let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.

4 Thy love, in suffering, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be, in heaven, my song.
PAUL GERHARDT, 1659. Transl. by JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

184

L. M.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy mourning ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

ZINZENDORF. Translated by JOHN WESLEY.

185

L. M.

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross:
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray
Be Thou my Light, Be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untried, I follow Thee;
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. Transl. JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

186

L. M.

ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,
Thou Fount of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine
Thro' earth beneath and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's Rest,
Give us Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm each breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 In faith we take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
'Tis strong the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages nigh;
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Oh! speak our warring passions peace;
And bid our trembling hearts, Be still:
Thy power our strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

JOHN WESLEY.

187

8s. 7s. 7s.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend and elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trials seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is the legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany. E. DENNY, 1839.

188

L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus: sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
JOSEPH GRIGG.

189

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

190

11s & 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye
languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, Light of the
straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying—

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters
 flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure
 from above;
 Come to the feast of love: come, ever
 knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
 remove.

THOMAS MOORE *vv.* 1, 2. 1816. THOMAS HASTINGS, *v.* 3.

191

7s. 3l.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
 Ere from us it pass away,
 On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
 Fill us with heart-searching fears,
 Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
 Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
 Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
 By Thy supplicating cry,
 By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,—
 Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
 When we see Thee face to face,
 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
 And that love will then be known
 By the pardoned 'round Thy throne.

Amen.

REV. I. WILLIAMS, 1841.

192

6s. D.

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Oh, may Thy will be mine!
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign;
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee:
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!
 B. SCHMOLKE. Transl. by JANE BORTHWICK.

193

6s. D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.
 I dare not choose my lot:

I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

H. BONAR, 1856.

194

C. M.

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When with a broken, contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to Thee;
Thy name proclaim, Thyself impart,
In love remember me.

3 In sore temptations, when no way
To shun the ill I see,
My strength proportion to my day,
And then remember me.

4 And when I tread the vale of death
And bow at Thy decree,
Then, Saviour, with my latest breath,
I'll cry, Remember me.

THOMAS HAWES, 1792.

195

C. M.

O H, help us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give,
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

3 Oh, help us through the power of faith,
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Jesus! from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
Oh, help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

196

C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul!
On Thee, when sorrows rise;
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf, when I complain?

5 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh! may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

197

C. M.

DEAR Father! to Thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust Thy power and love
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

ANNE STEELE.

198

C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to Thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed,
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

199

C. M.

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all Thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like Thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes

Unnumbered blessings see;

But what is life, with all its bliss,

If once compared with Thee?

4 Hast Thou a rival in my breast?

Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell

If aught can raise my passions thus,

Or please my soul so well.

5 No: Thou art precious to my heart,

My portion and my joy:

For ever let Thy boundless grace

My sweetest thoughts employ.

O. HEGINBOTHAM.

200

8s & 7s. D.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty.

Hold me with Thy powerful hand:

||: Bread of heaven! Bread of heaven!

Feed me till I want no more.:||

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,

Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through:

||: Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer

Be Thou still my strength and shield.:||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,

Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of death! and hell's destruction!

Land me safe on Canaan's side:

||: Songs of praises, Songs of praises

I will ever give to Thee.:||

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1774.

201

8s & 7s.

I will love Thee, all my treasure!

I will love Thee, all my strength!

I will love Thee, without measure,

And will love Thee right at length.

Oh, I will love Thee, Light divine,

Till I die and call Thee mine.

2 I will praise Thee, Sun of glory!

For Thy beams have gladness brought;

I will praise Thee,—will adore Thee,

For the light I vainly sought:

Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest

Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

3 In Thy footsteps now uphold me,

That I stumble not nor stray;

When the narrow way is told me,

Never let me ling'ring stay,

But come, my weary soul to cheer,

Shine eternal Sunbeam, here.

4 Be my heart more warmly glowing,

Sweet and calm the tears I shed;

And its love, its ardor showing,

Let my spirit onward tread;

Still near to Thee, and nearer still,

Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

5 I will love, in joy and sorrow!

Crowning joy! will love Thee well!

I will love, to-day, to-morrow,

While I in this body dwell:

Oh! I will love Thee, Light divine,

Till I die, and find Thee mine!

JOHANN SCHEFFLER (ANGELUS).

Translated (Hymn from land of Luther.)

202

8s & 7s. D.

JESUS, Refuge of the weary,
 Object of the Spirit's love,
 Fountain in life's desert dreary,
 Saviour from the world above:
 Oh, how oft Thine eyes, offended,
 Yet upon the cross extended,
 Thou didst bear the pain of all,
 Gaze upon the sinner's fall!

2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
 Breathing no repentant vow,
 Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
 See Thy thorn-encircled brow?
 Yet Thy sinless death has brought us
 Life eternal, peace and rest;
 Only what Thy grace has taught us
 Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning
 With more fervent love for Thee!
 May our eyes be ever turning
 To Thy cross of agony;
 Till in glory, parted never
 From the blessed Saviour's side,
 Graven in our hearts for ever,
 Dwell the cross, the Crucified.

JEROME SAVONAROLA, 1498. Translated ANON.

203

8s & 7s.

HAIL my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only Thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul Thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Oh, what mercy flows from heaven,
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My redeemer's tenderness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
 While astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received Him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

204

8s & 7s

FAR beyond all comprehension
 Is Jehovah's covenant love:
 Who can fathom its dimension,
 Or its unknown limits prove?

2 Ere the earth upon its basis,
 By creating power was built,
 His designs were wise and gracious,
 For removing human guilt.

3 He displayed His grand intention,
On the mount of Calvary;
When He died for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.

4 Oh! how sweet to view the flowing
Of His soul-redeeming blood!
With divine assurance knowing
That it made my peace with God.

5 Freely Thou wilt bring to heaven
All Thy chosen ransomed race,
Who to Thee, their head, were given,
In the covenant of grace.

205

8s, 7s. & 4.

JESUS, to Thy cross I hasten,
In all weariness my home;
Let Thy dying love come o'er me—
Light and covert in the gloom;
Saviour, hide me, Saviour hide me,
||:Till the hour of gloom is o'er:||

2 Where life's tempests dark are rolling
Fearful shadows o'er my way;
Let firm faith in Thee sustain me,
Every rising fear allay:
Hide, oh! hide me, Hide, oh! hide me,
||:Hide me till the storm is o'er:||

3 When stern death at last shall lead me
Through the dark and lonely vale;
Let Thy hope uphold and cheer me,
Though my flesh and heart should fail,
Safely hide me, Safely hide me
||:With Thyself forevermore:||

206

8s, 7s, & 4.

JESUS, Lord, we kneel before Thee;
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
By Thy mercy, By Thy mercy,
||:Oh, deliver us, Good Lord:||

2 From the death of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness;
From the pride that lurks within
By Thy mercy, By Thy mercy,
||:Oh, deliver us, Good Lord:||

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy, By Thy mercy,
||:Oh, deliver us, Good Lord:||

4 In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy, By Thy mercy,
||:Oh, deliver us, Good Lord:||

5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day;
May our souls on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay!
By Thy mercy, By Thy mercy,
||:Oh, deliver us, Good Lord:||

6 Jesus, may Thy promised blessing
 Comfort to our souls afford;
 May we now Thy love possessing
 Find at last the great reward;
 By Thy mercy, By Thy mercy,
 ||: Oh, deliver us, Good Lord! :||

JAMES J. CUMMINS, 1849.

207

8s & 7s.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

4 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWING, 1825.

208

7s. 6l.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

209

S. M.

TO Christ, the Prince or peace,
 And Son of God, we sing;
 To Him who saved us by His love,
 Let holy anthems ring.

2 Deep in His heart for us
 The wound of love he bore;
 That love which still He kindles in
 The hearts that Him adore.

3 O Jesus! Victim blest!
 What else but love divine,
 Could Thee constrain to open thus
 That sacred heart of Thine?

4 O Fount of endless life!
 O Spring of water clear!
 O Flame celestial, cleansing all
 Who unto Thee draw near!

5 Hide me in Thy dear heart,
 For thither do I fly;
 There seek Thy grace through life, in death
 Thine immortality.

Latin Hymn. Translated by E. CASWALL.

210

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 ||: Lose all their guilty stains. :||

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 ||: Washed all my sins away. :||

3 Dear, dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 ||: Be saved to sin no more. :||

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 ||: And shall be till I die. :||

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 ||: Lies silent in the grave. :||

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

211

C. M.

THE burden of my sins, O Lord,
 Is more than I can bear—
 To Thee I bring the guilty load,
 To Thee address my prayer.

2 For naught of good that I have done,
 On Thy dear name I call,
 Alone upon the cross I lean,
 My Saviour and my All.

3 Teach me to feel how weak I am
 Without Thy strength'ning power,
 And fresh supplies of grace renew
 For every passing hour.

4 Dangers unseen on every side
 Crowd thick life's troubled way,
 Oh, guard me through the shadowy night,
 And guide my steps by day.

5 If sorrow shade, if grief oppress,
 Whatever be Thy will,
 Oh, may I bow to Thy behest,
 And own Thy mercy still.

6 And when the chilling shades of death
 Obscure life's fading ray,
 Through all may I descry the dawn
 Of an eternal day.

C. C. Cox, 1859.

212

6s & 5s.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
 Son of God Most High,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. PRYNNE.

213

L. M.

I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds ; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side !
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power, the grace to move;
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never fading crown ?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

NICOLAUS ZINZENDORF. Trans. by J. WESLEY.

214

6s, 4s.

N EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
||:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:||
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
||:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:||
Nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
||:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:||
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
||:Nearer, my God, to Thee,:||
Nearer to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

215

6S & 4S.

SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,

Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

S. D. PHELPS.

216

6S & 4S.

SAVIOUR! Thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to Thee,
||:Let us Thy fulness see,:||
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly Thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
||:Grant heavenly peace within,:||
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns;
On Thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By Thy free grace restored,
||:Our souls shall bless the Lord,:||
In joyful strains!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

217

6S & 4S.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by Thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;

Hushed be my heart and still,
 Fear I no further ill;
 Only to meet Thy will
 My will shall be.

2 Often to Marah's brink
 Have I been brought;
 Shrinking the cup to drink,
 Help I have sought;
 And with the prayer's ascent,
 Jesus the branch hath rent—
 Quickly relief hath sent,
 Sweetening the draught.

3 Saviour! I long to walk
 Closer with Thee;
 Led by Thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be;
 Constantly near Thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for Him who died
 Freely for me!

C. S. ROBINSON.

218

REST of the weary,
 Joy of the sad,
 Hope of the dreary,
 Light of the glad;
 Home of the stranger,

5s & 4s.

Strength to the end,
 Refuge from danger,
 Saviour and Friend.

2 Pillow where lying
 Love rests its head,
 Peace of the dying,
 Life of the dead;
 Path of the lowly,
 Prize at the end,
 Breath of the holy,
 Saviour and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble
 To Thee I cry,
 Crown of the humble,
 Cross of the high.
 When my steps wander,
 Over me bend,
 Truer and fonder,
 Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
 Thee, I will raise
 Unto Thee blessing,
 Glory and praise;
 All my endeavour,
 World without end,
 Thine to be ever,
 Saviour and Friend.

WM. W. RHESE.

PASSION WEEK.

219

7s & 6s.

ALL glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high-exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Translated by JNO. M. NEALE, 1856.

220

L. M.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BERN. OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140. Trans. by RAY PALMZE, 1833

221

7s & 6s.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.
 Hosanna! Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love to children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around His banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"
 Hosanna! Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.
 Hosanna! Hosanna to Jesus our King.

J. KING.

222

L. M.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
 Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
 With palms and scattered garments strewed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin,
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondring eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The Father, on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own anointed Son!

HENRY H. MILMAN, 1827,

223

C. M.

O Thou who through this holy week
 Did'st suffer for us all;
 The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
 To raise up them that fall.

2 We cannot understand the woe
 Thy love was pleased to bear:
 O Lamb of God, we only know
 That all our hopes where there!

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod;
 Thy hand the victory won:
 What shall we render to our God
 For all that he hath done?

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By man on earth be honor done,
And by the heavenly host.

JNO. M. NEAL, 1844.

224

C. M.

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word He spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look He gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

225

C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy wounded side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own:
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

226

C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious Crown!
O resurrection day!

Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

G. N. ALLEN, *vs.* 1—3, 1849.

227

C. M.

WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Thou source of life and grace!

We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign!

3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

5 Th' apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

6 Throughout the world Thy churches join
To call on Thee, their Head,—
Brightness of Majesty divine,
Who every power hast made!

7 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood:
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!

228

11s.

OH, garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er
be forgot;

The theme most transporting to seraphs
above;

The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of
love!

2 Come, saints, and adore Him; come,
bow at His feet;

Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that
is meet:

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens
the skies!

229

6s & 5s.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
By the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies,
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck, departs.

6 Oft as earth, exulting,
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye, then, your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
And with saints and angels
Praise the precious blood.

Italian Hymn. Translated E. CASWALL, 1849.

230

8s.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought,
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine,
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

HENRY COLLINS, 1852.

231

L. M.

O Lord, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds Thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
The flowing tears, and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet!

3 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of Thy grace!
And millions more to Thee shall fly,
And on Thy sacrifice rely.

4 The sorrow, shame, and death were Thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss!
What love can be compared to this?

BEDDOME-GIBBONS.

232

L. M.

HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;

A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view
Of Him who groans beneath your load;
He gives His precious life for you,

For you He sheds His precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead, revives again.

4 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

233

L. M.

O Lord, the wilderness to me
A very Paradise shall be,
Since Thou for forty days wast there
In fasting, solitude and prayer

2 Unworthy though these feet to rest
On ground Thy footsteps once have blest,
The way of sorrows shall be mine,
Made sweet because it first was Thine.

3 Lord, let me find some lowly place
Where I may seek Thy pitying face,
And plead with Thee by Olivet,
By agony and bloody sweat.

4 Some quiet aisle or dim recess
Shall make for me a wilderness;
And surely angels shall be there
To wait on penitence and prayer.

5 Nor is this all: for I would know
The depth of shame, the crown of woe;
Stand by the stricken Mother's side
While Thou art mocked and crucified.

6 And then in hours of saddest gloom
I still will watch around Thy tomb,
Till with the day new joy be born,
And Thou shalt rise on Easter-morn.

7 Oh, blessed thought, that faith can see
In every altar, Calvary,
Find there the loving arms outspread,
And fall before the fallen Head.

8 Come! King of kings; come! Light of light:
The Bride awaits the day all bright,
When she shall lift, her mourning o'er,
The shout of paschal joy once more.

234

L. M.

L ORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

W. W. HOW, 1854.

235

L. M.

'TIS mid-night—and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately
shone;

'Tis mid-night—in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not the Master's griefs and tears.

3 'Tis mid-night—and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis mid-night—and from ether-plains
Is born the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

WM. B. TAPPAN, 1829.

236

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far to small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

237

8s & 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing
Which before the cross I spend:
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinners dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing,
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

JAMES ALLEN, 1757.

238

8s, 7s, 4s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
||: "It is finished:" ||
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
||: It is finished! ||
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God has promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
||: It is finished! ||
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
||: Hallelujah! ||
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

JONATHAN EVANS (?) 1787.

239

8s & 7s. D.

WHO is this that comes from Edom?
Clad in robes with carnage stained;
Bringing victory and freedom
By His martial prowess gained?
'Tis the Captain of salvation
Who is conquering in the fight,
Rescuing a lost creation
||: By His unassisted might. ||

2 Lord, the course Thou art pursuing
Is a course of glorious gain;
But the work which Thou art doing
Is a work of bitter pain;
In a Passion-tide beginning,
It will lead to bright renown;
By it Thou a way art winning
||: To an everlasting crown. ||

3 Through Thy cloud of shame and sorrow
Brilliant gleams of light appear;
Whence we hope and comfort borrow
In our griefs and struggles hear;
Thou dost conquer death by dying;
By Thy death we ever live;
And to us in darkness lying
||: Thou dost endless glory give. ||

4 Cruel hands of sinners bound Thee,
Thou a sinful world hast freed;
They with thorns and mockery crowned
Thee,

Placing in Thy hand a reed;
Now a starry crown Thou wearest,
Heavenly King, almighty Lord;
Scepter of the world Thou bearest,
||:And by angels art adored.:||

C. WORDSWORTH.

240

7s.

SURELY Christ Thy griefs has born;
Weeping soul no longer mourn:
View Him bleeding on the tree,
||:Pouring out His life for thee.||

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice;
There the incarnate Deity
||:Numbered with transgressors see.:||

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet Thy burden lay,
||:Look thy doubts and cares away.:||

4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
||:Cast a gracious eye on me.:||

A. M. TOPLADY.

241

7s & 6s. D.

O sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;

O sacred Head what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken—
Above all joys beside;
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving

From Jesus shall not move,
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Transl. J. W. ALEXANDER..

242

7s & 6s. D.

O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1857.

243

7s & 6s.

O Jesus in Thy torture
Nailed to the bitter tree,
My soul's true Guide and Nurture,
I yearn to be with Thee.

2 How can I taste of pleasure
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain,
Jesus mine only Treasure,
Mine everlasting Gain?

3 O Jesus, may Thy sadness,
Thine agony and tears,
Win for my spirit gladness
Throughout the endless years.

4 With Thine own body feed me,
Life to my soul accord,
Then to Thy pierc'd heart lead me,
And hide me there, O Lord.

5 And in my dying hour
By those sharp wounds I pray,
Lord, may Thy passion's power
Wash all my sins away.

Latin Hymn of XV Century.

244

7s.

SEE the destined day arise!
See a willing Sacrifice,
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross!

2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe.

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood,
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

245

7s. D.

BY the blood that flowed from Thee
In Thy bitter agony;
By the traitor's guileful kiss
Filling up Thy bitterness;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry:
Thou wert suffering once as we:
Hear the loving litany
We, Thy children sing to Thee.

2 By the cords that, round Thee cast,
Bound Thee to the pillar fast;
By the scourge so meekly borne;
By Thy purple robe of scorn;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: etc.

3 By the thorns that crowned Thy head;
By the sceptre of a reed:
By Thy foes on bending knee
Mocking at Thy royalty;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: etc.

4 By the people's cruel jeers;
By the holy women's tears;
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,
Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: etc.

5 By the nails and pointed spear;
By Thy desolation drear;
By Thy dying prayer which rose
Begging mercy for Thy foes:
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: etc.

6 By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight;
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting breath;
Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry: etc.

F. W. FABER.

246

7s. 6l.

BLESSED Saviour, Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my hope, and nought beside;
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away;
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from Thy pierced hand

Now I take, while here I stand;
Only then I live to Thee,
When Thy wounded side I see.

4 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee!

GEO. DUFFIELD.

247

7s. 6l.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see.

Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned
Oh! the wormwood and the gall!
Oh! the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished;" hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

J. MONTGOMERY.

248

7s. 6l.

RESTING from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet

Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine;
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

THOMAS WYTHEHEAD, 1842.

249

10s & 6s.

REST, weary Son of God: and I with Thee,
Rest in that rest of Thine.
My weariness was Thine; Thou bearest it,
And now Thy rest is mine.

2 Thy life on earth was one sad weariness;
Nowhere to lay Thy head.
Thy days were toil and heat; Thy lonely nights
Sought some cold mountain bed.

3 How calmly in that tomb Thou liest
 now,
 Thy rest how still and deep!
 O'er Thee in love the Father rests: He
 gives
 To His beloved sleep.

4 On Bethel-pillow now Thy head is
 laid,
 In Joseph's rock-hewn cell:
 Thy watchers are the angels of Thy God
 They guard Thy slumbers well.

5 Rest, weary Son of God: Thy work is
 done,
 And all Thy burdens borne;
 Rest on that stone, till the third sun has
 brought
 Thine everlasting morn.

6 Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,
 Upon the throne above,
 Rise, weary Son of Man, to carry out
 Thy glorious work of love.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1868.

250

7s.

FATHER of eternal grace,
 Glorify Thyself in me;
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world Thine image see.

2 Happy only in Thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
 Fix my thoughts on things above,
 Stay my heart on Thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
 To Thy will:—Thy will be done!
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of Thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod;
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with Him, to Thee, my God!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1803.

251

7s.

O Thou Majesty divine!
 Jesus! on that cross of Thine!
 Who can prove His love to Thee
 By such test of agony?

2 Show me, Lord, Thy wounds, I pray,
 Let me love for love repay;
 Let Thy blood, thus shed for me,
 Now my life and healing be.

3 What in me is wounded yet,
 What doth still disease beget,
 Dearest Saviour, make it whole,
 Lord, restore this sin-sick soul.

4 Lord, my heart would feel and know
 All Thine agony and woe,
 Each deep wound, that I may be
 Wholly crucified with Thee.

5 Gracious Jesus, Saviour dear!
 Guilty though I be, give ear;
 Spurn me not, though vile, I pray,
 From Thy blessed cross away.

6 Lying at Thy mercy-seat,
Lo! with tears I wash Thy feet,
Pity on my misery take,
Jesus, for Thy mercy's sake.

7 From Thy cross, uplifted high,
O Beloved, cast Thine eye:
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul;
By Thy sorrows make me whole. -

8 Here I'll mourn with my last breath,
O'er my sins, and o'er Thy death;
Jesus, Lamb of God, Thy cross
Saves me from eternal loss.

252

7s.

PAIN and toil are over now,
Bring the spice and bring the myrrh;
Fold the limb and bind the brow
In the rich man's sepulchre.

2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well:
Bring the Roman's boasted seal.
Bring his boldest sentinel

3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake rolled away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

253

10s.

OUR sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid
on Thee;
Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have
set us free;

And now Thy toil is o'er; Thy grief and
pain
Have passed away; the veil is rent in
twain.

2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in
perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their trou-
bling cease,
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to
keep:
Thy Father giveth His Beloved sleep.

3 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, Love of Love,
Eternal, filling all created things
With Thine own presence, Jesus, King
of kings!

4 E'en now our place is with Thee on
the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch
for day,
Oh, let Thine angel roll the stone away!

5 Oh, by Thy life within us, set us free!
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee!
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

EDDIS.

254

L. M.

OH, come, and mourn with me awhile;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of
love
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

F. W. FABER.

255

7s. 4l.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

256

7s, 7s, 8s.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
A Human taunts and Satan's spite:
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the Prey he grasps to-night.
Yet once more, His own to save,
Christ must sleep within the grave.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds
Him
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

4 All night long with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow,
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth
reign.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

E A S T E R.

257

7s & 6s. D.

THE Lord of life is risen;
Sing, Easter heralds, sing!
He bursts His rocky prison;
Wide let the triumph ring.
In death no longer lying,
He rose, the Prince, to-day;
Life of the dead and dying,
He triumphed o'er decay.

2 The Lord of life is risen,
And love no longer grieves;
In ruin lies death's prison,
Sing, heralds, Jesus lives.
We hear Thy blessed greeting;
Salvation's work is done!
We worship Thee, repeating:
"Life for the dead is won!"

3 Around Thy tomb, O Jesus,
How sweet the Easter breath;
Hear we not in the breezes
"Where is Thy sting, O Death?"
Dark hell flies in commotion,
The heavens their anthems sing;
While far o'er earth and ocean,
Glad hallelujahs ring!

4 Oh, publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth,
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth,

Till, rising from their slumbers
In long and ancient night,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the Easter light!

5 Hail! hail! our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing!
Through death's dark, gloomy prison,
Let Easter chorals ring,
Haste, haste, ye captive legions,
Accept your glad reprieve;
Come forth from sin's dark regions—
In Jesus' kingdom live.

J. P. LANGE, 1851. Transl. by H. HARBAUGH.

258

7s.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
||:Glowing with immortal bloom.:||

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
||:Echo with the blissful sound.:||

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see Him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
||:Up to waiting worlds on high.:||

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Mighty Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory mount Thy throne!
||:Boundless empire is Thine own.:||

5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain
||:Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.:||

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
||:Where thy terrors, vanquished king?:||

THOMAS SCOTT, 1775.

259

7s.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Alleluia.

Sons of men, and angels say; Alleluia.
Raise your joys and triumphs high! Alleluia.

Sing, ye heavens! and earth reply! Alleluia.

2 Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia.

Fought the fight, the battle won; Alleluia.

Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Alleluia.
Lo, He sets in blood no more. Alleluia.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Alleluia.

Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Alleluia.

Death in vain forbids His rise; Alleluia.

Christ hath opened Paradise. Alleluia.

4 Lives again our glorious King; Alleluia.

"Where, O Death, is now Thy sting?" Alleluia.

Once He died our souls to save; Alleluia.

"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?" Alleluia.

5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia.

Following our exalted Head; Alleluia.

Made like Him, like Him we rise; Alleluia.

Ours the cross, the grave, the skies! Alleluia!

CHAS. WESLEY.

260

7s.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia.

Our triumphant holy day; Alleluia.

Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia,

Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia.

Unto Christ; our heavenly King, Alleluia.

Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia.

Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured, Alleluia.

Our salvation have procured; Alleluia.
Now above, the sky He's King, Alleluia.

Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

Old Latin Air. Translated 1750.

261

7s. D.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who has washed us in the tide,
Flowing from His pierced side;
Praise we Him whose love divine,
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 When the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the waves that drowns the foe,
Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love,
Eat we maana from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can Death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free

Souls new-born, O Lord in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee
With the Spirit, ever be.

Latin Hymn. Transl. by R. CAMPBELL, 1850.

262

S. M.

THE Lord is ris'n indeed;'
The grave has lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;'
He lives to die no more;
He lives, His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;'
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

263

8s & 4s.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia.

2 The powers of death have done their
worst,

But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst,

Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the the dead:

All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded
Thee

From Death's dread sting Thy servants
free,

That we may live and sing to Thee.

Alleluia!

FRANCIS POTT.

264

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,

Alleluia!

2 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:

Alleluia!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;

Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:

Alleluia!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,

How the penitent forgiven,

How we too may enter Heaven:

Alleluia!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed!

Take our sins and guilt away,

That we all may sing for aye,

Alleluia!

MICHAEL WEISSE, 1531. Trans. by CATH. WINKWORTH.

265

8s & 7s. D.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!

Hearts to heaven and voices raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness,

Sing to God a hymn of praise.

He who on the cross a victim

7s. For the world's salvation bled,

Jesus Christ, the King of glory

Now is risen from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,

Christ from death to life is born,

Glorious life, and life immortal

On this holy Easter morn:

Christ has triumphed and we conquer

By His vict'ry o'er the grave;

Quickened with Him by the Spirit,

We the life eternal have.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Men the golden ears of harvest
With their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen.
Shed upon us heav'nly grace,
Rain and dew and streams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

266

8s & 7s. D.

A LLELUIA, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia, His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

2 Alleluia, Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay,
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

3 Alleluia, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia, born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, heav'n Thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both priest and victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

W. C. DIX.

267

8s & 7s. 6l.

A LLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die,
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia, thou resoundest
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee:
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia, our transgressions
Make us for awhile forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter

In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

ADAM ST. VICTOR. Translated by J. M. NEALE.

268

7s & 6s.

THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky.
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rayes eternal
Of resurrection light,
And listening to His accents
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let all the world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. Trans. by DR. DODDRIDGE, 1740.

269

H. M.

YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes

High raised His conquering head;
In wild dismay, the guards around
||: Fall to the ground, and sink away. :||

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands
And worship at His feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
||: From realms of day to Jesus' tomb. :||

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled,
||: Hath left the dead; He rose to-day." :||

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,—
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry, "Jesus who bled,
||: Hath left the dead, no more to die." :||

5 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with Thy blood:
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
||: And empires gain, beyond the skies. :||

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

270

H. M.

GREAT Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news

Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
||:Of hell subdued, and peace with
heaven.:||

2 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide:
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side:
Oh, let my feet ne'er run astray,
||:Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.:||

3 I love my Shepherd's voice:
His watchfull eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
||:His bosom bears the tender lambs.:||

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

271

H. M.

REJOICE! the Lord is King!—
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again, I say, rejoice!

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts,—lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell

With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice.
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

272

L. M.

THAT Easter-tide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out a fairer light,
When to their longing eyes restored,
Th' Apostles saw their risen Lord.

2 He bade them see His hands, His side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide;
Oh, tokens true, which made it plain
Their Lord indeed was risen again.

3 Jesus, the King of righteousness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

4 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeem'd forever shield.

273

7s, 8s & 4s

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appallus;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrallus.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal:
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given:
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
 Alleluia!

C. E. GELLERT, 1757. Trans. by FRANCIS E. COX, 1841.

274

C. M.

YE Choirs of new Jerusalem,
 Your sweetest notes employ,
 The Paschal victory to hymn
 In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
 Crushing the serpent's head;
 And cries aloud through death's domains
 To wake th' imprisoned dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
 At His command restore;
 His ransomed hosts pursue their way
 Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in His glory now,
 To Him all power is given;
 To Him in one communion bow
 All saints in earth and heaven.

5 While we, His soldiers, praise our
 King,
 His mercy we implore,
 Within His palace bright to bring
 And keep us evermore.

275

11s & 12s.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on
 high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall
 not die!

Vain were the terrors that gathered
 around Him,
 And short the dominion of death and
 the grave;

He burst from the fetters of dark-
 ness that bound Him,
 Resplendent in glory, to live and to
 save!

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
 "The Saviour hath risen, and man shall
 not die!"

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
 The being He gave us, death cannot de-
 stroy;

Sad were the life we must part with
 to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death
 were our end;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark
 valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not
 die.

HENRY WARE, JR.

276

7s.

WHEN two friends on Easter-day
 To Emmaus bent their way,
 On that Paschal even tide
 Christ was walking at their side.

2 Then their hearts within them glow'd
 When Himself to them He show'd
 In the Scripture, as a King
 Glorified by suffering.

3 Thou art ever with us, Lord,
 Walking in Thy holy word;
 And Thy voice, O Saviour dear,
 In that word we ever hear;

4 What the holy prophets meant
 In the ancient Testament,
 Thou art opening to our view,
 Lord, forever in the New.

5 And Thy presence, Lord, we feel
 When we at Thy table kneel;
 When we feed upon Thee there,
 We too at Emmaus are.

6 Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,
 Yet we know Thee ever nigh:
 Though Thou art much 'further gone
 Even to Thy heavenly throne;

7 Yet we, Lord, behold Thy face
 Ever in the means of grace:
 There Thou walkest by our side,
 There Thou with us dost abide.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

277

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall!
 ||: Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:||

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call;
 ||: Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:||

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 ||: Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:||

4 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 ||: Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:||

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 ||: To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:||

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
||: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.:||

EDWARD FERRONET, 1780.

278

C. M.

A BIDE with us, the shades of eve
Are falling fast around;
Far spent the day—Oh, do not leave
The soul Thy love has found!

2 Oh, leave us not!—though slow of heart
To trust Thy plighted word;
Abide, nor evermore depart,
Abide with us, O Lord!

3 The solemn joy, the awful fear,
The hallow'd hush of peace,
The consciousness that Thou art near,
We would not these should cease.

4 They came to us with glad accord
This blessed Easter-tide,
They will "abide with us," O Lord
If Thou with us abide.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1857.

279

10s.

A BIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord! with
me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless! Oh! abide with
me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not! abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing
hour,

What but Thy grace can foil the temp-
ter's power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, O! abide
with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless;

Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness:

Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos-
ing eyes;

Shine through the gloom, and point me
to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee:

In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847.

280

L. M

LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky,
Heaven thunders forth its victor cry,
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply.

2 While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.

3 His tomb of late the three-fold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

4 The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
An angel robed in light hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."

281

11s.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou
with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for
Thee,
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from
my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen
be the smart.

2 Without Thee but weakness, with
Thee I am strong;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be
my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still ev-
ery fear,
Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper,
art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender,
so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-
fast and sure!

That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold
heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in
the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruf-
fled, Thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid Thou my
heart cease;
In Thee all its longings henceforward
shall end,
Till, glad, to Thy presence my soul shall
ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for
me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed
from Thy side,
I shall see Thy full glory, Thy face shall
behold,
And praise Thee with raptures forever
untold!

RAY PALMER.

282

11s.

O H, had I, my Saviour, the wings of a
dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence
above!
How soon would I flee where the weary
have rest,
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering
breast!

2 I flutter, I struggle, and long to be free,
I feel me a captive while banished from
Thee;

A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I
roam,

And look on to heaven and fain would
be home.

3 Ah, there the wild tempest forever
shall cease,

No billow shall ruffle that haven of
peace;

Temptation and trouble alike shall de-
part,

All tears from the eye, and all sin from
the heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise
be mine;

Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to
decline;

Thy light, yet unrisen the wilderness
cheers;

Oh, what will it be, when the fullness
appears?

283

11s.

THE Lord is my shepherd no want
shall I know;

I feed in green pastures, safe folded I
rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,

Restores me when wandering, redeems
when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of
death though I stray,

Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I
fear;

Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be
my stay:

No harm can befall with my Comforter
near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er;

With perfume and oil Thou anointest
my head;

Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence
more!

4 Let goodness and mercy my bountiful
God!

Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
above;

I seek, by the path which my fore-
fathers trod,

Through the land of their sojourn, Thy
kingdom of love.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

284

11s.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go
on our way;

The Lord is our Leader, His word is our
stay;

Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be
near,

The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can
we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the
faint;

The weak, and oppressed—He will hear
their complaint;

The way may be weary, and thorny the
road,
But how can we falter?—Our help is in
God!

3 Into his green pastures our footsteps
He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He
feeds!
The Lambs in His bosom He tenderly
bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe
from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our
God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God
is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we
come;
The Lord is our Leader, His kingdom
our home!

JOHN N. DABBY, 1861.

285

C. M.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who clothed Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away;
||: And tore the bars away;:||

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose:
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And vanquished all our foes.
||: And vanquished all our foes.:||

3 See how the Conq'rour mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies;
With scars of honor in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes!
||: And triumph in His eyes!:||

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blessed abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
||: To our incarnate God.:||

5 Bright angels! strike your loudest
strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.
||: Sound our Immanuel's praise.:||

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

286

C. M.

THE head, that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
||: A royal diadem adorns:||
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His—is His by right;
||: "The King of kings, and Lord of lords,":||
And heaven's eternal Light;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
||: To whom He manifests His love,:||
And grants His name to know;

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given;
 ||: Their name,—an everlasting name: ||
 Their joy,—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him above;
 ||: Their profit and their joy—to know: ||
 The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,—
 Though shame and death to Him;
 ||: His people's hope, His people's wealth: ||
 Their everlasting theme.

THOS. KELLY, 1820.

287

C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too;
 God is my strength,—nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
 Oh, grant me an abode,
 Among the churches of Thy Saints,
 The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see Thy beauty still;
 Shall hear Thy messages of love,
 And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
 There may His children hide;
 God has a strong pavillion, where
 He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within Thy temple sound.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

288

C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!
 Thy bounties, how complete!
 How shall we count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost Thou exalted shine;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of Thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered;
 And in their accents of distress
 Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
 We in Thy poor would see;
 Oh, may we minister to them,
 And in them, Lord, to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

289

C. M.

IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
 I And more than angels know;
 Both present things and things to come,
 And grace and glory too.

2 If Christ is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the full source of every good,
Is more than all to me.

3 If Christ is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's dark dismal vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

4 O Christ, assure me Thou art mine;
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

BENJ. BEDDOME, 1776.

290

S. M.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days,
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

291

L. M.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives:
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

292

L. M.

JESUS, my Shepherd, let me share
Thy guiding hand, Thy tender care,
And let me ever find in Thee,
A refuge and a rest for me.

2 Oh, lead me ever by Thy side,
Where fields are green, and waters glide;
And be Thou still, where'er I be,
A refuge and a rest for me.

3 While I this barren desert tread,
Feed Thou my soul on heavenly bread;
'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see,
A refuge and a rest for me.

4 Anoint me with Thy gladdening grace,
To cheer me in the heavenly race;
Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee,
And make my spirit rest in Thee.

5 When death shall end this mortal strife.
Bring me through death to endless life;
Then, face to face, beholding Thee,
My refuge and my rest shall be.

HENRY HARBAUGH, 1859.

293

L. M.

JESUS, the shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
The flock for which Thou cam'st from
heav'n,
The flock for which Thy life was giv'n.

2 Oh, guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

3 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream:
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

4 Oh, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice:
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

5 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete.
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

THOMAS KELLY.

294

L. M.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest:
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold:
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to betray, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove:
Then neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

295

8s, 7s, 4s.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
 Much we need Thy tender care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
 For our use Thy folds prepare:
 ||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :||

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 ||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to Thee. :||

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 ||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still. :||
 DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838.

296

8s, 6s, 8s, 4s

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
 With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing Guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checkseach thought, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see:
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
 And worthier Thee.

HARRIOT AUBER, 1829.

297

10s, 11s.

OH, tell me, Thou life and delight of
 my soul,
 Where the flock of Thy pasture is feed-
 ing,
 I seek Thy protection I need Thy con-
 trol,
 I would go where my Shepherd is lead-
 ing.

2 Oh, tell me the place where Thy flock
 is at rest,
 Where the noon-tide will find it reposing;
 The tempest now rages, my soul is dis-
 tressed,
 And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 And why should I stray with the flocks
 of Thy foes,
 In the desert where now they are roving,
 Where hunger and thirst, where afflic-
 tion and woes,
 And temptations their ruin are proving?

4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wan-
 derings cease,
 And the follies that fill me with weeping?

Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that
peace,
Thou dost give to the flock Thou art
keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids
me return
By the way where the footprints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:
And homeward my spirit is flying.

298

MIGHTY Saviour, gracious King,
Now Thy waiting people bless:
Thou that dost deliverance bring.
Come to reign in righteousness.

2 Thou dost heavenly light impart;
Tune the ear to Zion's song:
Teach and guide the wayward heart,
Loose and prompt the stamm'ring
tongue.

3 Pour Thy Spirit from on high;
Come, Thy mourning Church to bless:
Streams of life and joy supply;
Fill the world with righteousness;

7s. 4 Light shall then possess Thine own,
Holy quiet, perfect peace;
And where heav'nly seed is sown,
Thou wilt give the blest increase.

EDWARD OSLER.

ASCENSION.

299

7s.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n
||:Reascends His native heav'n.:||

2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
||:Take the King of glory in!:||

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
||:Still He calls mankind His own.:||

4 See! He lifts His hands above!
See! He shows the prints of love!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
||:Blessings on His Church below!:||

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, he intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
||:Harbinger of human race.:||

6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
||:Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee.:||

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

300

7s, 6l

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath His head;
Jesus is the name we sing,
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conq'r'r o'er the grave;
Jesus mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high:
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

301

8s, 7s, D.

SEE, the Conq'r'r mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heav'nly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel's voices
Joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory;
 He, who on the cross did suffer,
 He, who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
 In the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heav'nly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand;
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord! in Thine ascension,
 We by faith behold our own.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863.

302

8s, 7s, D.

CHRIST, above all glory seated,
 King triumphant, strong to save!
 Dying, thou hast death defeated,
 Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
 Thou art gone, where now is given
 What no mortal might could gain,
 On th' eternal throne of heaven,
 In Thy Father's power to reign.

2 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
 Heaven above and earth below!
 While the depths of hell before Thee,
 Trembling and amazed bow.
 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring
 Follow Thee beyond the sky;
 Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
 Lift our souls to Thee on high.

3 So, when Thou again in glory
 On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
 We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
 Owned for evermore as Thine.
 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,
 Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
 In Thy Father's might abiding,
 With One Spirit evermore.

Latin Hymn, 5th Century.

303

8s & 7s.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love;
 ||: See, He sits on yonder throne!
 Jesus rules the world alone. :||
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life! Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms Thy saints on
 earth;
 ||: When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord! we own it love divine. :||
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

3 King of glory! reign for ever!
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love, shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 ||: Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face. :||
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 ||: Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King." :||
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!

Amen.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

304

8s. 7s. 4s.

LOOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
 L See the "Man of sorrows" now
 From the fight returned victorious!
 Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow:
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the heav'nly concave rings:—
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels! crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;

Oh! what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

305

6s & 4s.

RISE, glorious Conq'ror, rise,
 R Into Thy native skies,
 Assume Thy right:
 And where, in many a fold,
 The clouds are backward roll'd,
 Pass thro' those gates of gold,

||: And reign in light! :||

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
 Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train:
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,—
 ||: Thou Lamb once slain! :||

3 Enter, incarnate God—
 No feet but Thine, have trod
 The serpent down;
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour triumphant—go,
 ||: And take Thy crown! :||

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age;
 Lord of the rolling years!
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 ||: Thy heritage. :||

5 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star—
 “Lo! these have come
 Followers of Him who gave
 His life their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 ||: Brought safely home.:||

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

306

6s & 4s.

LET us awake our joys;
 Strike up with cheerful voice;
 Each creature, sing:
 Angels! begin the song:
 Mortals! the strain prolong,
 In accents sweet and strong,
 ||: “Jesus is King!”:||

2 Proclaim abroad His name,
 Tell of His matchless fame;
 What wonders done!
 Above, beneath, around,
 Let all the earth resound,
 Till heaven’s high arch rebound,
 ||: “Vict’ry is won!”:||

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell:
 Mourners, rejoice!
 His dying love adore;
 Praise Him, now raised in power:
 Praise Him for evermore,
 ||: With joyful voice.:||

4 All hail the glorious day,
 When, through the heavenly way,
 Lo, He shall come!

While they who pierced Him wail,
 His promise shall not fail;
 Saints, see your King prevail:
 ||: Great Saviour come!:||

C. E. KINGSBURY, 1806

307

8s & 7s.

JESUS, o’er the grave victorious,
 Conq’ring death, and conq’ring hell,
 Reign Thou in Thy might all glorious;
 Heav’n and earth Thy triumph swell.

2 Saints in Thee approach the Father
 Asking in Thy name alone;
 He, in Thee, with love increasing,
 Gives, and glorifies the Son.

3 Down to earth in all its darkness
 From the Father Thou didst come;
 Seeking sinners in their blindness,
 Calling earth’s poor exiles home.

4 By a life of love and labor
 Doing all the Father’s will;
 Giving to each suppliant suff’rer
 Precious balm for every ill;

5 Patient ever in well-doing,
 Moving on in steps of blood,
 Through the grave to heights of glory,
 Reconciling us with God.

6 Here, in Thee, is peace forever;
 We can tribulation bear;
 Kiss Thy cross, with rapture knowing
 Thou hast conquered suff’ring there.

E. E. HIGBEE 1873.

308

8s & 7s. D.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
Crowned in mockery a King!

Thou didst suffer to release us;

Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour!

Bearer of our sin and shame!

By Thy merits we find favor;

Life is given through Thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,

There forever to abide;

All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,

Seated at Thy Father's side:

There for sinners Thou art pleading;

There Thou dost our place prepare:

Ever for us interceding,

Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing

Thou art worthy to receive;

Loudest praises without ceasing,

Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits;

Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,

Help to sing our Saviour's merits;

Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

THOMAS BAKEWELL, 1760.

309

L. M.

O Jesus! Lord of heav'nly grace,

Redeemer of our guilty race,

On Thee our waiting eyes we bend,

The saint's delight, The sinner's friend.

2 What wondrous love prevailed on Thee
The bearer of our sins to be;
Thyself in sacrifice to give,
That sinners might not die, but live!

3 Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign,
And broken is the tyrant's chain;
And Thou art, in Thy meet abode,
A conq'r on the throne of God.

4 O let Thy clemency prevail
To heal the losses we bewail;
O cheer us with Thy beaming face
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace.

5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In life, our pathway to the skies,
In death our everlasting prize.

AMBROSE, 390. Translated by J. CHANDLER.

310

L. M.

O H, for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day—
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before His glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own,
His smile their bliss, their heav'n,
their all.

3 Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their
songs

To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound His everlasting praise.

5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour! let Thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place.
Till death remove this mortal veil
And we behold Thy lovely face.
ANNE STEELE, 1760.

311

L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."

4 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"—
"The Lord, that all our foes o'er came,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conq'ror's name."

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"—
"The Lord of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all forever blest!"

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741.

312

7s. & 6s.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend.

CHORUS.

All glory, praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in His love.—CHO.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave.—CHO.

4 And in our hour of danger
We'll trust His love alone
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.—CHO.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, 1850.

313

S. M. D.

THOU art gone up on high,
 To realms beyond the skies;
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise:
 But we are ling'ring hear,
 With sin and care oppressed;
 Lord, send Thy promis'd Comforter,
 And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high:
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto Thy crown;
 And girt with grief and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let this path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high:
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 Lord, by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high.

EMMA TOKE. 1851.

314

C. M.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels round His Throne
 In countless armies shine;
 At His right hand, with golden harps,
 They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of Peace,"
 they cry,

"Whose unexampled love
 Moved Thee to quit those blissful realms,
 And royalties above."

4 Through all his travels here below,
 They did His steps attend:
 Oft wondering how, or where at last
 This mystic scene would end.

5 They saw His heart transfixed with
 wounds,
 And viewed the crimson gore;
 They saw Him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought His chariot from above,
 To bear Him to His throne;
 Clapped their triumphant wings, and
 cried,

"The glorious work is done."

DAN'L TURNER AND JAMES FANCH, 1776.

315

C. M.

THE golden gates are lifted up,
 The doors are opened wide,
 The King of Glory is gone in
 Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
 To make for us a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,
 A light still breaks behind the cloud.
 That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our
minds,

Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven.

5 That where Thou art at God's right
hand,

Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
Forevermore in Thee.

CRCIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER, 1858.

316

8s & 7s.

ALWAYS with us, always with us;"
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,

From his dwelling place above.
With us, when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

2 With us, when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear:

With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, 1858.

WHITSUNTIDE.

317

8s, & 7s, D.

WHEN the faithful were assembled
 On the day of Pentecost,
 Rushed the wind, the place it trembled;
 Came from heav'n the Holy Ghost;
 Golden showers of consecration,
 Tongues of fire were on them shed;
 And that holy dedication
 Made an altar of each head.

2 Now the festive Pentecostal
 Harvest-home of souls they keep;
 With his sickle each apostle
 Whitening fields goes forth to reap;
 God with holy flame from heaven
 Writes on hearts the law of love;
 Jubilee of sins forgiven
 Sounds its trumpet from above.

3 Holy Ghost, divine Creator,
 Who didst on the waters move;
 Holy Ghost, Regenerator,
 Author of all life and love;
 Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
 Who didst then with fire baptize;
 Holy Ghost, great Renovator,
 Come, the world evangelize.

4 With the kneeling congregation,
 Thou art in the House of Prayer;
 Laver of regeneration
 Is o'ershadowed by Thee there;

Thou dost shed at Confirmation
 From Thy wing a gift of grace;
 Eucharistic celebration
 Has revealings of Thy face.

5 Strengthen, warm, and purify us,
 From the bands of sin release;
 Comfort, counsel, sanctify us;
 Give us love, and joy, and peace;
 Patience, faith and resignation
 Breathe upon us with Thy breath;
 Give us heavenly consolation
 In the solemn hour of death.

6 So when earth with fruit aboundeth,
 And shall angel-reapers see,
 And the great Archangel soundeth
 God's eternal Jubilee,
 We may join their gratulation;
 To the Father, and the Son
 And the Spirit, adoration,
 Ever be, blest Three in one.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

318

S. M.

BLEST Comforter divine,
 Let rays of heavenly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.

2 Draw us with still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, 1824.

319

8s & 7s. D.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come Thou source of joy and gladness!
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light.
Come, Thou best of all donations
God doth give when men implore!
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.

2 Manifest Thy love forever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Hear, oh, hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of Thy grace.

3 Author of the new creation!
Let us now Thine influence prove;
Make our hearts Thy habitation,

Shed abroad a Saviour's love.
From that height that knows no measure,
As a gracious rain descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
We can ask or God can send.

PAUL GEBHARD, 1563. Trans. by A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

320

C. M.

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word.

2 The Spirit by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from their death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies He His temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire!

321

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

JOSEPH HART, 1759.

322

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit! come
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel,
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Oh! melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

BENJ. BEDDOME, 1770.

323

S. M.

- O Holy Spirit! come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh! tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove,
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh! work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.
- 4 We bless Thee for Thy grace,
And Thine almighty power;
We bless Thee for Thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

OSWALD ALLEN, 1862.

324

L. M.

- O Holy Ghost, Thy heav'nly dew
The hearts of sinners can renew;
Thou dost within our hearts abide,
And still to holy action guide.
- 2 Thou mak'st the soul with joy to sing
When sorrow's clouds are deepening:
With Jesus Christ Thou mak'st us one,
Earnest of heav'n from God's high throne.
- 3 Best gift of God, and man's true Friend.
Into my inmost soul descend:
The mind of Jesus Christ impart,
And consecrate to Thee my heart.

4 Teach me to do my Father's will;
To lie beneath His guidance still;
Lighten my mind, and oh, incline
My heart to make His pleasure mine.

5 From spot and blemish make me pure,
My future bliss in heaven secure:
When lost in darkness, give me light,
And cheer me through death's dreary night.

LAVATER, 1770. TRANS. FRANCES E. COX.

325

L. M.

O Spirit of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace.
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
||: Descend on our apostate race. :||

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
||: Where'er the joyful sound is heard. :||

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
||: Bid mercy triumph over wrath. :||

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
||: Till hearts of stone begin to beat. :||

5 Baptize the nations far and nigh;
The triumphs of Thy cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
||: Till every kindred call Him Lord. :||

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

326

L. M.

COME, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide;
||: O'er every thought and step preside. :||

2 The light of truth to me display,
And make me know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
||: That I from Thee may ne'er depart. :||

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
||: In His enjoyment to be blest. :||

4 Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray:
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
||: Where pleasure in perfection is. :||

SIMON BROWNE.

327

7s.

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer;
Hail! O gracious Comforter!
Promise of our parting Lord,
To His throne in heav'n restored.

2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode;
He, whom heav'n cannot contain,
Dwelleth in the heart of man.

3 There He helps our feeble moans;
Deepens our imperfect groans;
Intercedes in silence there;
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

4 Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Lighten there Thy heav'nly fire;
 Day by day our life renew,
 Thou the Gift and Giver too.

5 Brood Thou o'er our natures night,
 Kindle darkness into light,
 Spread Thy overshadowing wings:
 Order from confusion springs.

6 Pain, and sin, and sorrow cease;
 Thee we taste, and all is peace;
 Joy divine in Thee we prove,
 Light of truth, and Fire of love.

JOHN WESLEY.

328

7s. D.

HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
 Ever near the christian's side;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land;
 Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whis'pring softly, wand'rer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heav'n and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names were there,
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Wisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

329

7s. D.

BY the first bright Easter-day,
 When the stone was rolled away;
 By the glory round Thee shed
 At Thy rising from the dead;
 King of glory, hear our cry;
 Make us soon Thy joys to see,
 Where enthroned in majesty
 Countless angels sing to Thee.

2 By Thy parting blessing given,
 As Thou didst ascend to heaven;
 By the cloud of living light
 That received Thee out of sight;
 King of glory, hear our cry; etc.

3 By that rushing sound of might
 Coming down from heaven's height;
 By the cloven tongues of flame
 That on Thy apostles came;
 King of glory, hear our cry; etc.

4 Only Victim we can plead,
 Great High Priest to intercede,
 Showing that which can alone
 For the sin of man atone;
 Lamb of God, oh, hear our cry; etc.

5 In the dreadful judgment-day,
 When the world shall pass away;
 Be the merciful decree
 That our friend the Judge shall be:
 King of glory, hear our cry; etc.
 FREDRICK W. FABER.

330

GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
 Let Thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Breathe Thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.
 JOHN STOCKER, 1776.

331

C. M.

COME Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs.
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate?
 7s. Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers,
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

332

C. M.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
 And make our hearts Thy home;
 Descend with all Thy gracious power;
 Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light, to us reveal
 Our sinfulness and woe,
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our
 hearts,
 Like sacrificial flame;
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
 With Pentecostal grace;
 And make the great salvation known
 Wide as the human race.

A. REED, 1841.

333

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!
 Shine upon our nature's night
 With Thy blessed inward light,
 Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
 We are faint: Thy strength afford;
 Lost,—until by Thee restored,
 Comforter Divine!

P. M.

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,
 Things of Christ unfolding still,
 Comforter Divine!

4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
 Earnest of our bliss on high,
 Seal of immortality,—
 Comforter Divine!

5 Search for us the depths of God;
 Bear us up the starry road,
 To the height of Thine abode,
 Comforter Divine!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

334

P. M.

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise
to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore
Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down
before Thee,

Which wert and art and evermore shalt
be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness
hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see:

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside
Thee,

Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth and sky and sea;

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

335

H. M.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above;
He sent his own eternal son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

ISAAC WATTS.

336

7s, D.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
 Hear, and our petitions seal,
 Let us now the answer feel.
 Still our fellowship increase;
 Knit us in the bond of peace;
 Join our new-born spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to Thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
 Called in one high calling's hope;
 One the Spirit, whom we claim;
 One the pure baptismal flame;
 One the faith, and common Lord;
 One the Father lives adored,
 Over, through, and in us all,
 God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
 Ground of our communion this:
 Life of all that live below,
 Let Thine emanations flow!
 Rise eternal in our heart:
 Thou our long-sought Eden art,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost!

CHARLES WESLEY.

337

7s 6l.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 God of hosts, eternal King,
 By the heav'ns and earth adored;
 Angels and archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
 Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
 Speeding thence at Thy command,
 And when Thy behests are done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim, and Seraphim,
 Veil their faces with their wings;
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of Kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the blessed Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
 Thee the noble martyr-band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee,
 Thee the Church in every land;
 Singing everlastingly,
 To the blessed Trinity.

5 In Thy name baptized are we,
 With Thy blessing are dismiss'd;
 And thrice-holy chant to Thee
 In the holy Eucharist;
 Life is one Doxology
 To the blessed Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

338

L. M.

ALL Hail, adored Trinity;
 All hail eternal Unity;
 O God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, ever One.

2 Behold to Thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
Oh, let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising Thee.

3 Three persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
In Thy sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.

4 O Trinity! O Unity!
Be present as we worship Thee;
And with the songs that angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

339

L. M.

FATHER of all! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

340

L. M.

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy
name,
Forever be Thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit! from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and
heav'n.

4 O God Triune! to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning
tongue.

JAMES WALLIS EASTBURNE, 1819

341

7s, 8s & 7s.

THEE, O God, we humbly praise,
Thee as Lord and King confessing;
All the earth its homage pays,
Honor, power, glory, blessing,
Ever giveth unto Thee,
Father of eternity.

2 All the angels join the hymn,
All the powers of heaven replying,
Cherubim to Seraphim,

With unwearied voices crying:
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 God of hosts, be Thou adored.

3 Thee, th' apostles' glorious choir,
 Prophets ranked in goodly number,
 Martyrs robed in white attire,
 Praise, and never sleep nor slumber;
 Loud their hallelujahs rise,
 Rolling through the vaulted skies.

4 Father! Thee the Church doth own,
 Wide through every land and nation,
 With Thy true and only Son,
 Worthy of all adoration,
 And the Holy Spirit—Her
 Everlasting Comforter!

5 King, O Christ, ere time began
 In the Father's glory reigning,
 Thou, to rescue fallen man,
 Neither birth nor death disdaining,
 Hast to all believers giv'n
 Entrance through the gate of heav'n.

6 Seated now at God's right hand,
 Thou shalt come as Judge: before Thee
 When the quick and dead shall stand,
 Help Thy servants; we implore Thee;
 Make them with Thy saints to shine,
 In eternal glory Thine.

7 Save Thy people, Lord, we pray;
 Bless Thy heritage forever;
 Rule and lift them up alway;
 Thee, we magnify, and never
 Cease to praise Thy holy name,
 Through all ages still The same.

8 Lord! this day, from every ill
 Guard us till the evening closes;
 Lord! have mercy on us still,
 As in Thee our hope reposes;
 All my trust is stayed on Thee,
 Let me ne'er confounded be.

AMBROS. TRANS. THOMAS C. PORTER, 1859.

342

C. M.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Whom One in Three we know;
 By all Thy heav'nly host adored,
 By all Thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,
 With triumph we proclaim;
 Thy universe is full of Thee,
 And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess,
 Thee, holy Son, adore;
 Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
 We worship evermore.

4 Three Persons equally divine
 We magnify and love;
 And both the choirs ere long shall join
 To sing Thy praise above.

5 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
 (Our heavenly song shall be)
 Supreme, essential One, adored
 In co-eternal Three!

343

L. M.

A DORE the Father and the Son,
 And God the Spirit, all divine;
 Who are distinct, and yet but One,
 And only One, in Their design.

- 2 In His own Son, the Father shone
In rays of majesty and light;
In Him, the Deity came down,
Man with the Godhead to unite.
- 3 Almighty Spirit, glorious God,
To Thee our humble notes we raise;
Thy quickning grace we'll sound abroad,
While we have breath Thy name to praise.
- 4 Thus we'll adore the sacred Three,
From whence our whole salvation came,
And still through vast eternity
Thy endless grandeur loud proclaim.

344

L. M.

- LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
- 2 Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing:
Eternal praise, my God, to Thee!
Creator! wise is Thy decree.
- 3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love and joy.
- 4 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin;
Eternal praise, my God! be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.
- 5 Redeemer! come; I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord! abide;
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

- 6 Thy holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise, eternal fame,
Be offered, Saviour! to Thy name!

GEORGE WEISEL, 1635, TRANS. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855.

345

8s, 7s.

- GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One;
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
While eternal ages run.
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain:
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign:
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
To the Lamb that once was slain!
- 3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring:
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
To the King of glory bring!
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
Glory to the King of kings!

TRINITY SEASON.

346

8s & 7s. D.

LORD of glory! Thou hast bought us,
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice;
And, with that, hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely, of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe,
That more happy and more blessed,
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence, —
“Ye have done it unto me:”
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But, oh!—best of all Thy graces—
Give us Thine own charity.

ELIZA SIBBOLD ALDERSON, 1863.

347

8s & 7s. D.

IS Thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine

It shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy store-house,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

2 For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

3 Numb and weary on the mountains,
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen from beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

4 Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

348

C. M.

OUR God is love! and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Oh, may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee:

For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See how the christians love."

THOMAS COTTERELL.

349

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breast
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in other's joy,
And weep for other's woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
Enthroned above the skies;
And when He saw their lost estate
Felt His compassion rise.

5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
Should love each other too.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

350

C. M.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Has Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But Oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

351

C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
||: His lips with grace o'erflow. :||

2 No mortal can with Him compare
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 ||: That fill the heav'nly train. :||

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress;
 He flew to my relief:
 For me He bore the shameful cross,
 ||: And carried all my grief. :||

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 ||: And saves me from the grave. :||

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 ||: And make my joys complete. :||

6 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 ||: Lord! they should all be Thine! :||

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

352

C. M.

MY God, I love Thee; not because
 I hope for heav'n thereby,
 Nor yet because who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace;
 For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
 And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony;
 Yea, death itself; and all for me
 Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
 Should I not love Thee well?
 Not for the hope of winning heaven,
 Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Not seeking a reward;
 But as Thyself has loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
 And in Thy praise will sing;
 Solely because Thou art my God,
 And my eternal King.

F. XAVIER, 1516. Trans. by E. CASWALL, 1848.

353

7s, 6l.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues
 Bravest words of strength and fire,
 They are but as idle songs
 If no love my heart inspire;
 All the eloquence shall pass
 As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
 On the poor in charity,
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake can see,—
 Till by love the work be crowned,
 All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, Thou Spirit of pure love,
 Who didst forth from God proceed,
 Never from my heart remove;
 Let me all Thy impulse heed;
 Let my heart henceforward be
 Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

Trans. by C. WINKWORTH.

354

6s & 4s.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!
 More love to Thee;
 Hear Thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea—
 ||:More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||
 More love to Thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 ||:More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||
 More love to Thee.

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,
 ||:More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||
 More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,

This still its prayer shall be,
 ||:More love, O Christ, to Thee, :||
 More love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS, 1869.

355

7s.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
 Ye, who His salvation prove,
 ||:Triumph in redeeming love. :||

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face;
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 ||:Praise and bless redeeming love. :||

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 ||:Canceled by redeeming love. :||

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves to death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 ||:Stop, and taste redeeming love. :||

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
 Nothing brought Him from above,
 ||:Nothing but redeeming love. :||

6 He subdued th' infernal powers,
 Those tremendous foes of ours,
 From their cursed empire drove;
 ||:Mighty in redeeming love. :||

7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
||:Join to praise redeeming love.:||

M. MADAN.

356

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above:
He who left His throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;

2 He who on the accursed tree
Gave His precious life for me—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 He who now, enthroned above,
Still retains His heart of love,
Marking still each fallen tear
Of His burdened pilgrims here;

4 He who wields creation's rod,
He, my Brother, yet my God;
Faithful He, whate'er betide,
Is my everlasting Guide.

5 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and seas will pass away:
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

6 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

T. R. MACDUFF.

357

L. M.

O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see
The breth'ren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

7s. 2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear,
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 Oh! may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
Oh! may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly giv'n,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on
heav'n.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Latin Hymn, Trans. by J. CHANDLER.

358

L. M.

JESUS, most merciful and kind,
Beloved and loving, both combined,
Jesus, Thou good and gracious One!
Of Mary and of God, the Son.

2 Who can conceive, or who record,
What bliss it is to love Thee, Lord!
To dwell in humble faith with Thee
Is boundless, full felicity.

3 Let saints below and saints above
Show forth thy faithful, endless love;
And know the joy Thy people see,
Who suffer and who weep with Thee.

4 Infinite Majesty above!
Our hope, our Life, our Joy and Love;
Thy fullness, Jesus, let us see,
And evermore abide in Thee.

5 Thus, seeing and enjoying Thee,
In earth and heav'n our joy shall be;
And grateful praise to Thee be giv'n,
Through all the blissful life of heav'n.

359

8s & 7s.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. BOWRING.

360

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love, and friendship, reign,
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

361

S. M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus,
As stewards true, receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1854.

362

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

363

C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly
bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in ev'ry duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its
power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

H. M.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There— there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

D. TURNER.

364

C. M.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and
sense

And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith, we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abram to unknown countries led
By faith, obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

ISAAC WATTS, 1703.

365

C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest;

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue, nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be:
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

366

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JESUS lives, and so shall I.
Death thy sting is gone forever:
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
And, His kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

3 Jesus lives and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true as He is just;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

4 Jesus lives, and by His grace,
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
The weak he raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives, and I am sure
 Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever:
 Satan's wiles and Satan's power,
 Pain or pleasure, ye shall never!
 Christian armor can not rust:
 Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

6 Jesus lives, and death is now
 But my entrance into glory.
 Courage! then, my soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee;
 Thou shalt find thy hopes were just—
 Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

C. F. GELLERT.

367

C. M.

GIVE us, O Lord, the eye of faith,
 The inner world to see,
 Then, holy angels we shall view,
 And their blest ministry.

2 Angelic faces we shall see,
 Angelic wings o'erspread
 Above Thy holy altar, Lord,
 And Thee, the living Bread.

3 And we shall hear angelic harps,
 And heav'nly minstrelsy,
 When one repenting sinner turns
 With contrite heart to Thee.

4 And when we see the deep'ning calm,
 And watch the quiv'ring breath
 That trembles on the lips in prayer
 Of holy saints in death;

5 Then angel-ministers will be
 Unveiled to our eyes,
 Waiting to waft the faithful soul
 In peace to Paradise.

6 Oh, give us grace as angels here
 To live in holy love;
 That the last trump may summon us
 To bliss with them above.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

368

C. M.

O H, for a faith that will not shrink
 Though pressed by every foe;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That, when in danger, knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heav'nly ray
 Lights up the dying bed!

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

W. H. BATHURST.

369

C. M.

LORD, I believe; Thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
“Help Thou mine unbelief!”

J. R. WRETFORD.

370

L. M.

BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav’n, my journey’s end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my
path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

5 Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene’er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

6 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my
Friend.

JOHN NEWTON.

371

L. M.

JESUS, our soul’s delightful choice,
In Thee believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive,
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 Do Thou the languid spark inflame,
That we may conquer in Thy name;
And let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mould’ring in the dust.

4 Unequal to the conflict, Lord,
Too weak to wield the shield or sword,
On Thine almighty arm we fall,
Be Thou our Jesus and our all.

372

C. M. D.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To Thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
 That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by Thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will,
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart shall rest on Thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1786.

373

C. M. D.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
 My Father and my God!
 I'll sing the honors of Thy name,
 And spread Thy praise abroad.
 Thou boundless Source of every good,

My best desires fulfill;
 Oh, help me to adore Thy grace,
 And mark Thy sovereign will.

2 In all Thy mercies may my soul
 Thy bounteous goodness see;
 Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
 Estrange my heart from Thee;
 In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with Thee.

3 Through every period of my life,
 Each bright, each clouded scene,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 Still equal and serene.
 Then I may close my eyes in death,
 Free from distracting care;
 For death is life, and labor rest,
 If Thou art with me there.

OTTIWELL BEGINBOTHAM, 1744—68.

374

C. M.

ALL that I was—my sin, my guilt,
 My death was all my own;
 All that I am, I owe to Thee,
 My gracious God! alone.

2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice,
 Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage, all was mine;
 The light of life, in which I walk,
 The liberty, is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe ;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord ! to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1850.

375

C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?

3 Christ leads me through no darker
rooms
Than He went through before ;
No one into His kingdom comes,
But through His opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1681.

376

C. M.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end:
||:The numbers of Thy grace?:||

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
||:I speak Thy glories more.:||

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength
||:To see my Father, God.:||

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
||:And mention none but Thine.:||

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
||:Shall Thy salvation sing.:||

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour, and my God,
His death hath brought my foes to shame,
||:And saved me by His blood.:||

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 ||:Nor think the season long.:||

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

377

C. M.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus and my God,
 Who can resist Thy heav'nly love,
 ||:Or trifle with Thy blood.:||

2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by Thy interceding breath
 ||:The Spirit dwells with men.:||

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find:
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 ||:Are terrors to my mind.:||

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy, begins:
 His name forbids my slavish fear ;
 ||:His grace removes my sins.:||

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love the incarnate Mystery,
 ||:And there I fix my trust.:||

ISAAC WATTS.

378

11 s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of
 the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent
 word !

What more can He say than to you He
 hath said,
 To you who for refuge to Jesus have
 fled ?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be
 not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, I will still give
 thee aid:
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent
 hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I
 call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
 For I will be with thee thy trials to
 bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy path-
 way shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
 supply ;
 The flame shall not hurt thee: I only
 design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
 refine.

5 'E'en down to old age all my people
 shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
 love ;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their
 temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
 be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should
endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake !"

GEORGE KEITH, 1787.

379

C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame.
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

380

C. M.

MY God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's bright Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.

3 The opening heav'ns around meshine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers — I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

381

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS.

382

C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes
of life,

In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.

383

C. M.

WHEN waves of trouble round me
swell,

My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well:
" 'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threat'ning clouds
appear,
And storms my path invade,
That voice shall calm each rising fear:
" 'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed:
Saviour, be near to aid;
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
" 'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,—
Death hides within its shade;
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
" 'Tis I; be not afraid."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

384

S. M.

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not lead me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good—I know Thee just;
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

385

S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe thou shalt go on:
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause: His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

PAUL GERHARDT. Trans. by JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

386

S. M.

“MY times are in Thy hand:”
My God I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 “My times are in Thy hand;”
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee

3 “My times are in Thy hand;”
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 “My times are in Thy hand;”
I'll always trust in Thee;
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835.

387

L. M., 6L.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I
view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced ev'ry human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

ROBERT GRANT, 1806.

388

L. M., 61.

AS oft with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the Son of God,
As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love and sympathy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1847.

389

L. M.

COME, O Creator, Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid,
To fill the hearts Thy power hath made.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry:
Oh, highest gift of God most high!
Oh, Fount of life! Oh, Fire of love!
Anointing Spirit from above!

3 Thou in Thy bounteous gifts art known;
Thee, Finger of God's hand, we own;
The promise of the Father Thou!
Our tongues with truth and power endow.

4 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love,
With patience firm and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee to guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

6 Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee through endless time confess'd
Of Both the eternal Spirit blest.

CHARLEMAGNE. Trans by E. CASWALL.

390

L. M.

HEALTH of the weak, to make them
strong!

Refuge of sinners, and their song!

Comfort of each afflicted breast!

Haven of hope in realms of rest!

2 Lord of the patriarchs gone before!

Light of the prophets' learned lore!

Deign from Thy throne to look on me,

And hear my lowly Litany.

3 Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son,

To taste and feel what he has done:

To lay me low before His cross,

And reckon all besides as dross.

4 To speak, and think, and will and move,

And love, as Thou would'st have me love:

Oh, look upon this bended knee,

And hear my heart's own Litany.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

391

L. M.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,

Which shall from age to age endure;

Whose word, when heav'n and earth shall

pass,

Remains and stands forever sure.

2 That I Thy mercy may proclaim,

That all mankind Thy truth may see;

Hallow Thy great and glorious name.

And perfect holiness in me.

3 Purge me from every sinful blot,

My idols all be cast aside,

Cleanse me from every sinful thought,

From all the filth of self and pride.

4 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my Spirit cleave to Thee.

392

8s & 7s, D.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
In His secret habitation,

Dwell, and never be dismayed.

There no tumult can alarm thee,

Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;

Guile nor violence can harm thee,

In eternal safe-guard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,

From the noisome pestilence,

In the depth of midnight, blasting,

God shall be thy sure defense:

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,

When a thousand feel the blow ;

Mercy shall thy soul deliver,

Though ten thousand be laid low.

4 Since, with pure and firm affection,

Thou on God hast set thy love,

With the wings of His protection,

He will shield thee from above ;

Thou shalt call on him in trouble,

He will hearken, He will save ;

Here, for grief reward thee double,

Crown with life beyond the grave.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

393

H. M.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;

From God is all my aid ;

The God that built the skies,

And earth and nature made !
 God is the tower to which I fly ;
 His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares ;
 Since God my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there:
 Thou art my Sun, and Thou my Shade,
 To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not giv'n Thy word
 To save my soul from death.
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath,
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
 Till from on high Thou call me home.

394

S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart, and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love ;
 Sing of His rising power ;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come."
 Soon will He call you hence away
 And take his wand'ers home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745.

395

S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of His grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins ;
 And His forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

396

S. M.

DEAR Saviour ! we are Thine,
By everlasting bands,
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head ;
Shall form us to Thine image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near Thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there,

PH. DODDRIDGE.

397

S. M.

HARK ! through the courts of heav'n
Voices of angels sound,
"He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found ?"

2 God of unfailing grace,
Send down Thy Spirit now,
Raise the dejected soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.

3 In countries far from home,
On earthly husks we feed ;
Back to our Father's home, O Lord,
Our wand'ring footsteps lead.

4 Then at each soul's return
The heav'nly harp shall sound,
"He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found !"

HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

398

S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Grace Harmonious to mine ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
||: And all the earth shall hear. :||

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
||: Which drew the wondrous plan. :||

3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet
 ||: While pressing on to God.:||

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 ||: And well deserves the praise.:||

PH. DODDRIDGE.

399

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty
 shone
 Around Thy steps below ;
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
 A weight of sorrow hung,
 Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for other's sins than all
 The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
 In us, Thy brethren, see
 The gentleness and grace that spring
 From union Lord, with Thee.

EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

400

C. M.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was His divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
 A friend and servant found ;
 He washed their feet, He wiped their tears
 And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek He stood ;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought His life ;
 He labored for their good.

5 To God He left His righteous cause,
 And still His task pursued ;
 While humble prayer and holy faith
 His fainting strength renew'd.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
 Before His Father's throne,
 With soul resigned He bowed, and said,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done !"

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
 His image may we bear :
 Oh, may we tread His holy steps,
 His joy and glory share.

W. ENFIELD, 1772.

401

C. M.

LORD as to Thy dear cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiv'n,
 So let Thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for heav'n.

3 Help us through good report, and ill,
 Our daily cross to bear,
 Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
 Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine,
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
 And grief's dark day come on,
 We, in our turn, would meekly cry
 Father! Thy will be done!

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
 Or brethren faithless prove,
 Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
 To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to heaven.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

402

C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim;
 Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
 Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
 How tender and how dear!
 Not all the harmony of heav'n
 Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart,
 And show that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
 Unwav'ring, I believe;
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
 Nor can the sign deceive.

PH. DODDRIDGE.

403

C. M.

LORD, like the publican I stand,
 And lift my heart to Thee;
 Thy pard'ning grace, O God, command;
 Be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my anxious breast,
 O'erwhelmed with agony!
 Oh, save my soul by sin oppressed;
 Be merciful to me.

3 My guilt, my shame, I all confess,
 I have no hope nor plea
 But Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 Be merciful to me.

4 Here at Thy cross I still would wait,
 Nor from its shelter flee,
 Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,
 Art merciful to me.

T. RAFFLES, 1831.

404

C. M.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

405

10s. 11s.

YE servants of God, your Master pro-
claim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, He rules over
all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we
have;
The great congregation His triumph shall
sing,

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the
throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship
the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His
right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and
might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite
love.

C. WESLEY, 1744.

406

10s. & 11s.

OH, worship the King, all-glorious
above,
And gratefully sing His power and His
love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His
grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of
the storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to
fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and
Friend.

4 Oh measureless might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble
 their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy
 praise.

R. GRANT, 1830.

407

6s & 4s.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,

Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER, 1830.

408

8s, 7s. D.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
 Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
 thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the path of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

F. S. KEY.

409

C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

J. ADDISON, 1712.

410

C. M.

MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By saints and angels day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tend'rest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie
And gaze, and gaze on Thee?

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.

411

C. M.

FATHER, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Our wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hear'st the ravens cry:

2 Thy love in all Thy works we see;
Thy promise, Lord, we plead;
And humbly cast our care on Thee,
Who knowest all our need.

3 Let not the world engage our love,
Nor cares our bosoms fill;
But fix our heart on things above,
That we may do Thy will.

4 The comfort of Thy light bestow;
Our faith and hope increase;
And let us in Thy presence know
Contentment, joy, and peace.

EDWARD OSLER.

412

C. M.

THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

413

C. M.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow;
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The Almighty Former of the skies,
Stooped to our vile abode:
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

ANNE STEELE.

414

C. M.

JESUS, we sing Thy matchless grace
That calls us as Thine own;
Give us among Thy saints a place
To make Thy glories known!

2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,
We live, and grow and thrive;
From Thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in one accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And Thou the common Lord.

4 Oh, may our faith each moment gain
 More of Thy Spirit's grace:
 Till Thou present us all complete
 Before Thy Father's face.

415

L. M.

O Christ, Thou glorious King, we own
 Thee to be God's eternal Son;
 The Father's fulness, life divine,
 Mysteriously are also Thine.

2 When rolling years brought on the day,
 Foretold and fixed for this display,
 Our great deliv'rance to obtain,
 Thou didst our nature not disdain.

3 At God's right hand, now, Lord,
 Thou'rt placed,
 And with Thy Father's glory graced,
 True God and Man, in person One;
 A Judge to pass our final doom.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 On high exalt and honor Thee;
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end, for evermore.

416

L. M.

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King,
 Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
 His form! how bright His beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
 He shines with a superior grace;
 Love from His lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all His state compose.

3 Dress Thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
 Gird on the terror of Thy sword!
 In majesty and glory ride,
 With truth and meekness at Thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
 Or words of mercy kind and sweet,
 Shall melt the rebels at Thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
 Grace is the sceptre in Thy hands;
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 Justice and grace are Thy delight.

6 O God, Thy God has richly shed
 His oil of gladness on Thy head,
 And with His sacred Spirit, blest
 The eternal Son above the rest.

417

L. M.

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise:
 With all His saints I'll join to tell
 That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine,
 In all His works, unrivaled, shine,
 And force the wondering world to tell
 That He alone did all things well.

3 Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
 Or dark or sorrowful my days;
 And though my spirit oft rebel,
 I know He still doth all things well.

4 And when I stand before His throne,
And all His ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

418

L. M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness, so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

419

L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and
love,

Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on His word.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

420

C. M.

O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed!
Who eat Thee, hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which naught but Thou can fill.

3 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
To Thee our prayers ascend.

4 Abide with us, and let Thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

5 Jesus, our love and joy, to Thee,
The Virgin's holy Son,
All might, and praise, and glory be
While endless ages run.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140, Trans. by E. CASWALL.

421

H. M.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore:
 All are too mean to speak His worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came:
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood and died;
 My guilty conscience needs
 No sacrifice beside;
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear and mighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King:
 Thy scepter and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing:
 Thine is the power; behold! I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

ISAAC WATTS.

422

H. M.

COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate His fame:
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
 And laid His robes aside,
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died;
 What He endured, oh, who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,
 The mansion of the dead,
 And thence His mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led;
 Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,
 His chariot will not stay,
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see His lovely face,
 And ever be in His embrace.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe Thy love;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
 The gift, though small, do Thou receive.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

423

C. P. M.

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine!
 I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while He sings
 ||: In notes almost divine. :||

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
||: My soul shall ever shine. :||

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
||: Make all His glories known. :||

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
||: Triumphant in His grace. :||

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

424

C. P. M.

MAY we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfill,
To do on earth our Father's will,
As angels do above:
To walk in Christ, the living Way,
With all Thy children, and obey
||: The law of Christian love. :||

2 So may we join Thy name to bless,
Thy grace adore, Thy power confess,
From sin and strife to flee:
One is our calling, one our name,
The end of all our hope the same,
||: A crown of life with Thee. :||

3 Spirit of life, of joy, and peace,
Unite our hearts, our joy increase;
Thy gracious help supply,
To every soul the blessing give,
In Christian fellowship to live,
||: In joyful hope to die. :||

EDWARD OSLER.

425

C. P. M.

O love divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
||: The love of Christ to me. :||

2 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord be mine,
||: Be mine this better part. :||

3 Only Thy love do I require,
Nothing in earth below desire,
But this in heaven above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me Thy only love to know,
||: Impart to me Thy love. :||

C. WESLEY, 1749.

426

C. M.

O Saviour, who at Nain's gate
Didst dry a widows's tears,
And raise her only son, the prop
Of her declining years ;

2 What holy raptures, Lord through Thee
Thy suffering saints await,
When raised from death by Thee they
stand

At Thy own city's gate !

3 What ecstasies will then be theirs
In that blest city, Lord,
When sons to parents will by Thee
For ever be restored !

4 Oh, grant us so together, Lord,
To live in holy love,
That we together may be joined
In holy bliss above.

5 Members of Christ our bodies are,
The Holy Spirit's shrine ;
Then grant us so to use them now,
That they may be like Thine.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

427

C. M.

THE whole creation groans and waits
Till we, who love Thee Lord,
Shall stand within Thy temple gates,
And shine—the sons of God.

2 The sons of God,—how bright they
shine !

No mortal eye can see ;
We sinners shall be made divine !
We shall be one with Thee !

3 One with the Lord and all His saints !
Thy nature in our own !
Thy crown our rich inheritance !
Heirs to Thy royal throne !

4 Thy throne no joy to us would bring,
If we from Thee were riven ;
For all our joy is in our King,
And Thou art all our heaven.

428

C. M.

O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place ;
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
||: I seek Thy shelt'ring grace. :||

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord ! I cry ;
Pursued by foes I come ;
A sinner, save me, or I die ;
||: An outcast, take me home. :||

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain ;
There danger never, never harms ;
||: There death itself is gain. :||

4 And when I stand before Thy throne
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
||: To hide myself in Thee. :||

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1858.

429

C. M.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family—we dwell in Him—
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death ;—

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood ;
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore.

6 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide :
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

430

C. M.

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone ;
The Lamb of God, its light and bliss,
Sits on His glorious throne.

3 Oh, happy harbor of God's saints !
Oh, sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

4 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night !
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

5 Jerusalem ! God's dwelling-place !
I love and long to see ;
Oh, that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee.

6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square ;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,
O God ! if I were there !

7 With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts,
For ever, and amen !

FRANCIS BAKER, 1616. Altered by DAVID DICKSON, 1649.

431

L. M.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press ;
On Him for safety we relied,
And in His strength we will confide.

2 Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost ;
Or lofty hills from their abode,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring flood :

3 Let angry waves together rolled
Rage on with fury uncontrolled ;
We will not fear, whilst we depend
On God, who is our constant friend.

4 A gentler stream, that ever flows,
And joy to all around bestows,
The city of the Lord shall fill,
The city where He's worshiped still.

5 God dwells in Zion, whose strong
towers,
Shall mock th' assault of earthly powers ;
And His almighty aid is nigh,
To those who on His strength rely.

432

L. M.

O Thou who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter words above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love :

2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those who teach pure hearts and
wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by
prayer ;

Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind:
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 Oh, bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

JOHN M. NEALE.

433

L. M.

O Guardian of the Church divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine,
And kindled by Thy hidden fires
The soul to highest aims aspires.

2 Thy ministers, O Lord, endue
With wisdom, and their zeal renew ;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O Thou the source of life and light.

3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know,
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.

4 Protect Thy Church from ev'ry foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
Convert the world, make all confess
Thy mercy, truth, and righteousness.

T. CHAMBERLAIN.

434

L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Zion ! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
||: And gird thee with thy Saviour's
strength ; ||

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known :
Then, decked in robes of righteousness,
||: The world thy glories shall confess. :||

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
||: Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast. :||

4 God, from on high, thy groans will
hear ;

His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
||: To guard thee in eternal peace. :||

435

L. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion ! awake from
thy sadness ;

Awake,—for thy foes shall oppress thee
no more ;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star
of gladness ;

Arise,—for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

CHORUS.

Daughter of Zion ! awake from thy
sadness ;

Awake,—for thy foes shall oppress thee
no more.

2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm
that subdued them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier
far ;

They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge
that pursued them ;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war.—CHO.

3 Daughter of Zion ! the power that
hath saved thee,

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be ;

Shout,—for the foe is destroyed that
enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd and Zion is
free.—CHO.

CODA.

Shall oppress thee no more, no more,
no more.

436

S. M.

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode ;
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend :
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

437

S. M.

FAR as Thy name is known,
 The world declares Thy praise ;
 Thy saints O Lord, before Thy throne,
 Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy Thy people stand
 On Zion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
 And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compass and view Thy holy ground,
 And mark the building well—

4 The order of Thy house,
 The worship of Thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;
 And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die ;
 Will be our God, while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

ISAAC WATTS.

438

S. M.

COME we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 ||: Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne. :||

2 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God ;
 ||: But favorites of the heavenly king
 May speak their joys abroad. :||

3 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 ||: Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow. :||

4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 ||: Before we reach the heavenly fields
 Or walk the golden streets. :||

5 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry,
 ||: We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high. :||

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

439

S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
 L That soared the earth around
 But not a resting place above
 The cheerless waters found ;—

2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam ;
 All this wide world, to either pole,
 Hath not for Thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

440

S. M.

O Lord, refresh Thy flock;
Athirst to Thee we cry:
Thou art the spiritual Rock,
Whence we must drink or die.

2 Preserve us, Lord, from death:
Thou art the Lamb, whose blood
Sprinkled on Israel's doors in faith
A token was for good.

3 With many a bitter thought
Of cherished sin subdued,
'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim garb,
We take Thee for our food.

4 Away the signs are cast,
And now Thyself we see;
Yet let each sign that cheered the past
Still lift our hearts to Thee.

JOS. ANSTICE.

441

7s. & 6s. D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation

By water and the word:
From heav'n He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth had union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion,
With those whose rest is won:

Oh, happy ones and holy
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee,

S. J. STONE, 1866.

442

7s & 6s. D.

O Bread, to pilgrims given,
 O Food, that angels eat,
 O Manna, sent from heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet!
 Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled;
 Till earth's delights resigning,
 Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life bestowing,
 From out the Saviour's heart!
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art;
 Oh! let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage!
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take, and doubt no more;
 Give us, Thou true and loving!
 On earth to live in Thee;
 Then, death, the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see.

Latin Hymn, Trans. by RAY PALMER, 1858.

443

8s & 7s. D.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word can not be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 Thine the streams of living waters
 Springing from the throne above;
 Thither speed thy sons and daughters,
 There all thirst they slake in love;
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever will their thirst assuage;
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

3 On their way around them hovering,
 Pillared cloud or fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering;
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 From their banner thus deriving
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Bread from heaven, all heart-reviving,
 For their daily food have they.

4 Saviour, we of Zion's city
 Members through Thy grace became;
 Though the world deride or pity,
 We will glory in Thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

JOHN NEWTON 1779.

444

10s.

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling
springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's
chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King
of kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling
place.
2 Lord, Thy sure mercies ever in my
sight,
My heart shall gladden through the
tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades
of night
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grate-
ful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Je-
hovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall
prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet
be paid:
Unquestion'd be His faithfulness and love.

445

C. M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
||: Arise, and with Thy morning beams, :||
Chase all our griefs away.
2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
||: The praises of Thy royal name, :||
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
||: Break forth in sweetest strains of joy :||
In memory of Thy love.

4 Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
||: In unison with all our hearts, :||
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
||: Be Thine the crown of glory now :||
The palm of victory Thine.

E. DENNY.

446

C. M.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
||: Who through this weary pilgrimage :||
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
||: God of our fathers, be the God :||
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
||: Give us each day our daily bread, :||
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
||: And, at our Father's loved abode, :||
Our souls arrive in peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1737.
MICHAEL BRUCE, 1781.

447

C. M.

WHEN from the city of our God
 Man wandered far away,
 ||: He fell into the Tempter's hands;:|
 Was stripped, and wounded lay.

2 Christ bound our wounds, and poured
 in oil

And wine with tender care,
 ||: And bore us to an Inn—His Church—:|
 And safely lodged us there.

3 He gave us to the host in charge,
 And "at that future day
 ||: When I shall come again," He said, :|
 "I will Thy pains repay."

4 What beams of grace and mercy, Lord,
 In Thy example shine!
 ||: Oh, may we give Thee thanks and praise, :|
 By showing love like Thine.

5 So may we at that future day,
 With joy Thy coming see,
 ||: And hear that blessing,—“What ye did:|
 To mine, ye did to me.”

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

448

6s, 4s.

COME, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father! all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear;
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

CHARLES WESLEY.

449

6s, 4s.

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight;
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the Gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 "Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,

Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
 "Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
 "Let there be light."

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813.

450

S. M.

GIVE me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find
 And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to Thee,
 And never more départ,
But watch with godly jealousy,
 Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
 Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
 And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
 Thine image to regain,
And see Thee in the clouds appear,
 And rise with Thee to reign.

451

S. M.

THE Lord, who truly knows
 The heart of every saint,
Invites us by His holy word,
 To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
 Why should we longer wait ;
He bids us never give Him rest,
 But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus the widow poor,
 Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
 And gained at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
 His chosen when they cry ?
Yes ; though He may awhile forbear,
 He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer ;
He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause His care.

452

S. M.

JESUS ! I live to Thee,
 The loveliest and best ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee, is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee, is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me
Makes heaven forever mine.

HENRY HARRAUGH.

453

S. M.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

3 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet before the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

6 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And never-ending songs.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

454

S. M.

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have born the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest in Thine own home,
Where saints and angels live.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1852.

455

S. M.

OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day,
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large His bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood !

4 Jesus our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care,
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart ;
Here wait my warmest love ;
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

456

S. M

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live:
And oh ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely:
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

C. WESLEY.

457

C. M.

THOU, who hast called us by Thy word
The marriage feast to share
Of Thy dear Son, our only Lord,
Thy bidden guests prepare !

2 No vain excuse we dare to make,
Thy call we do not slight ;
We come unworthy ; for His sake
Help us to come aright.

3 Thy marriage-garment we require,
Thyself to us impart,
And with Thy precious gifts inspire
A pure and thankful heart.

4 And Thou, to whom the Father's love
The wedding guest has brought,
Who ever helpst from above
Those whom Thy blood has bought.

5 Lord of the feast ! our coming bless,
And round our souls entwine
The garment of Thy righteousness,
In which Thy saints shall shine.

JOHN ERNEST BODM, 1860.

458

C. M.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

459

C. M.

O Thou, the Lord and Life of those
Who rest their hope in Thee:
Whose love from everlasting woes,
Hath set Thy people free;

2 Thine agony and death display
The curse our guilt should bear,
Thy resurrection points the way
To bliss that we may share.

3 To Thee, O Lord, we lift our heart,
Thy mercy we implore;
Help us to choose the better part,
And go, and sin no more.

4 Help us Thee, Saviour, to confess,
In whom our life we see;
And oh! may fruits of holiness
Prove that we live to Thee.

460

C. M.

WE, in ourselves, unrighteous are;
With sorrow we confess
Our great and grievous sins to Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

2 Not to Thine angels, nor to saints
Do we our prayers address;
We fly to Thee, and only Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

3 Thou, Christ, the great Jehovah art,
The Fount of holiness;
And, God with us, Thou art become
The Lord our Righteousness.

4 Oh, wash us with Thy blood and clothe
With Thy pure spotless dress;
Oh, hide us in Thyself, and be
The Lord our Righteousness.

5 Make us by grace to be in deed
What we in word profess;
Oh, make us like unto Thyself,
The Lord our Righteousness.

6 Pour on us plenteous showers of grace,
Increase our fruitfulness,
That we may yield Thine own to Thee
The Lord our Righteousness.

7 So, in Thy glorious image rais'd,
May we Thy mercy bless;
And sing forever praise to Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

461

C. M.

TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
||: Who heav'n and earth has made. :||

2 Thou, then, my soul in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care that Israel guards,
||: Will thee in safety keep. :||

3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest;
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
||: By day or night molest. :||

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
||: Safe to thy journey's end. :||

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

462

S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the Conquerors home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

463

S. M.

MY soul! be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

464

10s & 4s.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' en-
circling gloom,

Lead Thou me on:

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on:

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou

Should'st lead me on:

I loved to choose and see my path; but
now

Lead Thou me on:

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure,
it still

Will lead me on:

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces
smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

465

L. M.

HE leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought!
H O words with heavn'ly comfort
fraught!

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN:

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

— REF.

3 Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

— REF.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

— REF.

J. H. GILMORE, 1861.

466

8s, 7s.

LEAD us, heav'nly Father, lead us
L O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing ev'ry blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;

Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

467

8s, 7s, 4s.

SHEPHERD of Thine Israel! lead us,
Pilgrims o'er this barren sand;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us by Thine outstretched hand:
Guide Thy chosen
Safely to the promised land.

2 Feed us with the heavenly manna;
Fainting, may we feel Thy might;
Go before us as our banner,
Cloud by day, and fire by night:
Great Redeemer,
Shine around us;—Thou art light.

3 When we come to death's dark river,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Thou who canst our life deliver,
Bear us through the sundered tide:
Praises, praises
Will we sing on Canaan's side.

JOSTAH CONDER, 1856.

468

7s & 6s. D.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things

Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1748.

469

S. M. D.

KEEP Thou my way, O Lord;
Myself I cannot guide;
Nor dare I trust my erring steps
One moment from Thy side:
I can not think aright,
Unless inspired by Thee;
My heart would fail without Thy aid;
Choose Thou my thoughts for me.

2 For every act of faith,
And every pure design,
For all of good my soul can know,

The glory, Lord, be Thine;
 Free grace my pardon seals,
 Through Thy atoning blood;
 Free grace the full assurance brings,
 Of peace with Thee, my God.

3 Oh, speak and I will hear;
 Command, and I obey:
 My willing feet with joy shall haste
 To run the heavenly way;
 Keep Thou my wand'ring heart,
 And bid it cease to roam;
 Oh, bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
 To heaven my blissful home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

470

C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigor on;
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 ||:And an immortal crown.:||

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 ||:And onward urge thy way.:||

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 ||:To thine aspiring eye.:||

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
 Have I my race begun;
 And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
 ||:I'll lay my honors down.:||

PHILIP DODDGE, 1740.

471

C. M.

A LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
 ||:And hourly watch and pray.:||

2 How oft my mournful thoughts com-
 plain
 And melt in flowing tears!
 My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
 ||:How strong my foes and fears!:||

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray and strive,
 ||:Though trembling and afraid.:||

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail,
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 ||:Or soon my strength will fail.:||

5 O, keep me in Thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee!
 And let me never, never stray
 ||:From happiness and Thee.:||

A. STEELE.

472

L. M., 6l.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek their home above;
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of Thy protecting love:
 Our strength, Thy grace: our rule, Thy
 word:
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray:
 By Thy paternal bounty fed,
 We shall not lack in all our way:
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While Thine almighty love is near.

C. WESLEY.

473

C. M.

JESUS, Thou art my Righteousness,
 For all my sins were Thine;
 Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
 Thy life hath made Him mine.

2 Spotless and just in Thee I am;
 I feel my sins forgiven;
 I taste salvation in Thy name,
 And antedate my heaven.

3 Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died!

4 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean!

5 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own.
 Wash me, and mine Thou art!
 Wash me, but not my feet alone;
 My hands, my head, my heart!

6 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

474

C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter! descend and bring
 Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
 And seal them heirs of heaven?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven!

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In my Redeemer's blood;
 And bear Thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

ISAAC WATTS.

475

C. M.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?
 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

ISAAC WATTS, 1723.

476

C. M.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire and smoke ;
 Not to the thunder of that word,
 Which God on Sinai spoke ;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare His will,
 And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light !
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight !

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven ;
 And God the Judge of all, declare
 Their vilest sins forgiven !

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest :
 The man that dwells where Jesus is
 Must be forever blest.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

477

C. M.

JESUS, exalted far on high,
 To whom a name is given,
 A name surpassing every name
 That's known in earth or heaven ;

2 Before whose throne shall every knee
 Bow down with one accord ;
 Before whose throne shall every tongue
 Confess that Thou art Lord ;

3 Jesus, who in the form of God,
 Didst equal honor claim ;
 Yet to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame :

4 Oh, may that mind in us be formed,
 Which shone so bright in Thee !
 A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 From pride and envy free.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
 To emulate Thy love ;
 So shall we bear Thine image here
 And share Thy throne above.

THOMAS COTTERILL, 1812.

478

C. M.

O H, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with Thy blood,
So freely shed for me !

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek ;
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within !

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

479

C. M.

O N Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possession's lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest.

SAM'L. STENNETT, 1787.

480

C. M.

F ORTH to the land of promise bound,
Our desert-path we tread ;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue ;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise ;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

HENRY ALFORD, 1827.

481

8s & 7s.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated

Each to each th' alternate hymn:

2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored:

Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,

"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high!"

4 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,

Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored:

Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

RICHARD MANT.

482

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!
Zion's city is in sight:

There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

5 Seal our love, our labors end;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;
Let us to Thy kingdom come;
Lord! we long to be at home.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

483

7s.

BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

4 They alone are truly blest;
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled,
They are by His Spirit sealed.

JOS. HUMPHREYS. 1743.

484

JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To Thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide:
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

CHARLES WESLEY.

485

L. M.

EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, "Who are they?"

2 These are the saints beloved of God;
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine;
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what—and whence came they?

7s.

4 Through tribulation great, they came;
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.

5 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The sacred glories of their King;—
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?

6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

7 'Amen, they cry, to Him alone,
Who dares to fill His Father's throne;
They give Him glory, and again
Repeat His praise and say, Amen.

486

7s.

SON of God, eternal Word,
Glorious Day-spring, Christ the Lord,
Shine upon us with Thy rays,
While we celebrate Thy praise.

2 When Thou madest heaven and earth,
Angels shouted at their birth;
Morning stars in chorus sang,
When the world from darkness sprang.

3 When in sin and death we lay,
Thou didst wake us into day;
Thou, in human nature born,
Wast to us a glorious morn.

4 When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quickened by Thy breath;
We arose with Thee our Head,
First begotten from the dead.

5 Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us and within;
May we know Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in Thine eye.

6 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the blessed Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

487

7s.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

3 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again.

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

THOMAS RAFFLES, 1812.

488

L. M.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For Thee I long, for Thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see Thy smiling face,
Which I, through faith, have often seen;
Arise, Thou Sun of righteousness
Dispel the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed,
The first of all His gifts bestowed.
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say, this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at pain or want repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5 This precious jewel let me keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

489

L. M.

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed
from fears,
My soul enlarged and dried my tears,
What can I do, Oh love divine.
What, to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee, and adore?

3 Oh, teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all!
Before Thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart!
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

490

L. M.

WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived
again,

That all His saints, through Him,
might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

3 Hasten, dear Lord! the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display;
When all Thy saints from death shall
rise,

Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

ROWLAND HILL, 1796.

491

L. M.

IN all our wand'rings here below
We see Thee, Lord, where'er we go;
When waters flow from smitten rock,
Thy blood supplies Thy thirsting flock.

2 Thy word, and holy festival,
Thy Church—we see Thee in them all;
When manna from the heavens refresh,
Then Jesus feeds us with His flesh.

3 In all the gleams of grace divine
We see Thy holy presence shine;
Beneath the cloud baptized are we,
And Jesus leads us through the sea.

4 No arm can save us from the foe
But Thine,—no other hope we know;
We lean not on ourselves;—Thy rod
Is all our trust, Thou Son of God.

5 In all our long and weary way,
Pilgrims of Canaan, lest we stray,
Be Thou our Guide, Thy grace afford
And make us Thine in will and word.

6 So may we through life's desert go,
And come where fruits of Eshcol grow;
Gain the rich promise of Thy word
And rest forever with the Lord.

C. WORDSWORTH.

492

L. M.

NO more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must, and will, esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

493

C. M.

MY God! Thy covenant of love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home.

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

494

8s, 7s & 7s.

ON the fount of life eternal
Gazing wistful and athirst,
Yearning, straining, from the prison
Of confining flesh to burst;
Here the soul an exile sighs
For her native Paradise.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates forever open

Each in pearly splendor shine;
Whose abodes of glory clear
Naught defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages;
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial spring-tide,
Blooms the lily with the rose;
And the Lamb, with purest ray,
Scatters round eternal day.

4 There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all his might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crowned with diadems of light;
And from peril safe at last,
Reckon up their triumphs past.

5 There in strains harmonious blending,
They their sweetest anthems sing;
And, on harps divinely thrilling,
Glorify their glorious King;
Aided by whose arm of might,
They were victors in the fight.

6 Look, O Jesus, on Thy soldiers,
Worn and wounded in the fight;
Grant, O grant us rest for ever,
In Thy beatific sight;
And Thyself our guerdon be
Through a long eternity.

PIETRO DAMIANI.
Trans. by E. CASWALL.

495

S. M.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to His breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

496

S. M.

LORD, what our ears have heard
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown,
To every faithful race.

2 Our children Thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as Thine;
Ten thousand blessings to Thy name
For goodness so divine!

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which, closer still, engage their hearts
To honor Thy commands.

4 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore,
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows
To be forgot no more.

5 How great Thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is Thy grace,
Which, in the promise of Thy love,
Includes our rising race.

6 Our offspring, still Thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest times Thy blessings share,
And sound Thy praise abroad.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

497

S. M.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of Thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to Thee.

3 Now bless, Thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send Thy good spirit from above,
And make these children Thine.

J. FELLOWS.

498

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

499

C. M.

THOU art my portion, O my God,
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am Thine, forever Thine,
O save Thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in Thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform Thy will.

I. WATTS.

500

C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

501

C. M.

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day with one accord,
Ourselves with humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord!

- 2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.
- 4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be Thine!

S. F. SMITH.

502

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

- 2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.
- 4 Let every thought, and work, and
word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

- 5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

503

C. M.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways:
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise!

BENI. BEDDOME.

504

L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these Lambs should
stray,
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be
found.

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou Their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

A. B. HYDE.

505

L. M.

THIS child we consecrate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong
And let Thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may Thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises,
now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart
We still may act the christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast
given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

506

L. M.

DEAR Lord! I give my heart to Thee,
Its throbs of griefs will never cease,
Till yearning faith be taught to see
In Christ, the risen Prince of Peace.

2 My time is flitting day by day,
Sad conscience weaves, in restless
loom,
A shroud, whose dusky lines portray
The travails of eternal gloom.

3 The bitter fruits of wasted years.
The empty store of worldly gain,
Hope's blighted flowers, rank with tears,
And mem'ry's ashes mixed with pain;

4 This weighty sum of life I bring
To Calv'ry's gleaming, lofty tree;
Lo! at its foot, the load I fling,
And to its arms for refuge flee.

5 My guilt—the spear that pierced Thy
side,
My death once swelled Thy dying cry;
O cleanse my sins in mercy's tide,
Still ebbing earthward from the sky.

6 Thine eye doth read the soul's dis-
tress,
When mourning for Thy peace it
pleads,
Let Thy forgiveness, Jesus, bless,
And fill my spirit's piteous needs.

R. S. MATHEWS, 1859.

507

L. M.

COME, ever-blessed Spirit come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy
home:

Thus consecrated Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be!

2 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine:
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness!

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God in Persons Three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
In Thee we praise and glory give!

4 O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever, with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

508

L. M.

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Here, O my Lord, my soul, my all,
I yield to Thee beyond recall;
Accept Thine own—so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield.

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal:
Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

509

L. M.

O H, happy day, that stays my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS:

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;

2 O happy bond! that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

— CHO.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me Thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess Thy voice divine.

— CHO.

4 Here rest my oft-divided heart,
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to
part,
When called on angel's food to feast?

— CHO.

5 High heaven that hears the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

— CHO.

PHILIP DODDGE.

510

8s & 5s.

SING of Jesus, sing forever
Of the love that changes never:
Who or what from Him can sever
Those He makes His own?

2 With His blood the Lord has bought
them;
When they knew Him not, He sought
them;
And from all their wanderings brought
them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all the way He speeds them;
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought
them,
Him who came from heaven, and sought
them,
Him who by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

5 Let His people sing with gladness,
Other mirth than this is madness,
Mirth it is that ends in sadness
Be it far away.

6 'Tis the saints have solid treasure,
They can sing with holy pleasure,
And their joy will know no measure,
In the final day.

THOMAS KELLEY, 1815.

511

8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLBERG, 1826.

512

6s & 4s.

SHEPHERD of tender youth!
Guiding in love and truth,
Thro' devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord!
 The all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife!
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life!

3 Thou art the great High Priest!
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of heavenly love;
 While in our mortal pain,
 None calls on Thee in vain,
 Help Thou dost not disdain,—
 Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
 Our Shepherd and our Pride,
 Our Staff and Song!
 Jesus! Thou Christ of God!
 By Thy perennial word
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing!
 Let all the holy throng,
 Who to Thy Church belong
 Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King!

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 200. TRANS. H. M. DEXTER.

513

7s.

PARDONED thro' redeeming grace,
 In Thy blessed Son revealed,
 Worshipping before Thy face,
 Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
 Humbly offered through Thy Son;
 Quicken us in Him to live;
 Lord, in us Thy will be done.

3 By the hallowed outward sign,
 By the cleansing grace within,
 Seal, and make us wholly Thine:
 Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,
 May our vows and life accord,
 And our every deed proclaim
 "Holiness unto the Lord!"

EDWARD OSLER, 1836.

514

8s, 7s. D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
 Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heav'n are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me;

Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me,
 Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain!

In Thy service pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called Thee—Abba, Father!
 I have stayed my heart on Thee!
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

H. F. LYTE.

515

ABIDE in me, O Lord, and | I in | Thee
 From this good hour, O leave me | never | more;
 Then shall the discord cease, the | wound be | healed,
 The life-long bleeding of the | soul be | o'er.

2 Abide in me; o'ershadow | by Thy | love
 Each half-formed purpose and dark | thought of | sin;
 Quench ere it rise each selfish | low de- | sire,
 And keep my soul as Thine, calm | and di- | vine.

3 As some rare perfume in a | vase of | clay,
 Pervades it with a fragrance | not its | own,
 So, when Thou dwellest in a | mortal | soul,
 All heaven's own sweetness seems a- | round it | thrown.

4 Abide in me: there have been | moments | blest,
 When I have heard Thy voice and | felt Thy | power;
 Then evil lost its grasp; and | passion, | hushed,
 Owned the divine enchantment | of the | hour.

5 These were but seasons beauti- | ful and | rare;
 Abide in me: and they shall | ever | be;
 Fulfil at once Thy precept | and my | prayer,
 Come, and abide in me, and | I in Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

516

8s & 7s. D.

TAKE me, O my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,

Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my foot-steps straying,

Thorny proved the way I trod;

Weary come I now, and praying—

Take me to Thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,

Humbly I confess my sin;

At Thy feet, O Father, falling,

To Thy household take me in.

Freely now to Thee I proffer

This relenting heart of mine;

Freely, life and soul I offer—

Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,

Bore our sins upon the tree;

On that sacrifice relying,

Now I look in hope to Thee;

Father, take me! all forgiving

Fold me to Thy loving breast;

In Thy love forever living,

I must be forever blest!

RAY PALMER, 1865.

HOLY COMMUNION.

517

6s & 4s.

BREAK Thou the bread of life,
 Dear Lord, to me,
 As Thou didst break the loaves
 Beside the sea;
 Beyond the sacred page
 I seek Thee, Lord;
 My spirit pants for Thee,
 O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
 To me—to me—
 As Thou didst bless the bread
 By Galilee;
 Then shall all bondage cease,
 All fetters fall;
 And I shall find my peace,
 My All-in-All!

M. A. LATHBURY.

518

10s.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face
 to face;
 Here would I touch and handle things
 unseen;
 Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal
 grace;
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of
 God;

Here drink with Thee the royal Wine
 of Heaven;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
 given.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I
 need

Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
 It is enough, my Lord; enough indeed;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy
 might alone.

4 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
 My Wisdom and my Teacher both in
 one;

No wisdom can I lack while Thou art
 wise,

No teaching do I crave, save Thine
 alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the right-
 eousness;

Mine is the guilt, but Thine the
 cleansing blood,

Here is my robe, my refuge, and my
 peace,

Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord
 my God!

6 Feast after feast thus comes, and
passes by;

Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast
above,

Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal Feast of bliss
and love.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

519

10s.

THIS is My body, which is giv'n for
you;

"Do this" — He said, and brake —
"rememb'ring me."

O Lamb of God, our paschal Off'ring
true,

To us the bread of Life each moment
be.

2 This is My blood, for sin's remission
shed—

He spake, and passed the wine-stain-
ed chalice round:

So let us drink, and on Life's fullness
fed

With heav'nly joy each quickening
pulse shall bound.

3 The hour is come! with us in peace sit
down,

Thine own beloved, O love us to the
end;

Serve us one banquet ere the night's
dark frown

Veil from our sight the presence of
our friend.

4 Girded with love still wash Thy serv-
ant's feet,

While they submissive wonder and
adore:

Bathed in Thy blood our spirits ev'ry
whit

Are clean — yet cleanse our goings
more and more.

5 Some will betray Thee—Master is it I?
Leaning upon Thy love we ask in fear;

Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the Strong, for strength
when sin is near.

6 But round us fall the evening shadows
dim;

A saddened awe prevades our darken-
ed sense,

In solemn choir we sing the parting Hymn,
And hear Thy Voice—Arise, let us go
hence.

C. L. FORD.

520

10s.

DRAW nigh and take the body of the
Lord,

And drink the holy blood for you out-
poured;

Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks
to God.

2 Salvation's Giver, Christ, God's only
Son,

By His dear cross and blood the victory'
won;

Offered was He for greatest and for
least,
Himself the victim and Himself the
priest.

3 He, ransom from death, and light
from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to
aid;
With heav'nly bread makes them that
hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts
sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here;
He, that in this world rules his saints
and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.

7th. Century, Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

521

L. M.

T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and
brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

14

4 For us His flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, He felt the
thorn;

And justice poured upon His head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall
end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet, at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

6 Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy
name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, 1767.

522

L. M.

BODY of Jesus, oh, sweet food!
Blood of my Saviour, precious blood;
On these Thy gifts, Eternal Priest!
Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.

2 Weary and faint I thirst and pine
For Thee, my Bread, for Thee, my
Wine,
Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
I journey to the mount of God.

3 There clad, in white, with crown and
palm,
At the great Supper of the Lamb,
Be mine, with all Thy saints to rest,
Like him that leaned upon Thy breast.

4 Saviour! till then, I fain would know
That feast above by this below;
This bread of life, this wondrous food,
Thy body and Thy precious blood.

ARTHUR C. COXE, 1858.

523

7s & 5s.

HEAV'NLY Father, I would pray,
Come Thou near to me,
Teach me what to do and say,
How to honor Thee.

2 Blessed Jesus, I would ask
For a gentle will;
Help Thou me my every task
Faithful to fulfil.

3 Holy Spirit, loving Guide!
Lead me day by day;
Guard my steps on every side,
Lest I go astray.

524

L. M.

WHAT strange perplexities arise?
What anxious fears and jealousies?
What crowds in doubtful light appear?
How few, alas, approved and clear!

2 And what am I?—my soul awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed, and living there?
Say, do His lineaments divine
In thought and word and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still,
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.

5 May I, consistent with Thy word,
Approach Thy table, O my Lord?
Oh! quicken, clothe, and feed my soul,
Forgive my sins and make me whole.

525

L. M.

ETERNAL King, enthroned above,
Look down in faithfulness and love,
Prepare our hearts to seek Thy face,
And grant us Thy reviving grace.

2 Unworthy to approach Thy throne,
Our trust is fixed on Christ alone;
In Him Thy covenant stands secure,
And will from age to age endure.

3 O let us hear Thy pardoning voice
And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;
Revive our souls, our faith renew,
Prepare for duties now in view.

4 Make all our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;
Let hope and love and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

526

L. M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly
 food.

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts displayed?
 Was not for them the Victim slain?
 Are they forbid the children's bread?

4 O let Thy table honored be;
 And furnished well with joyful guests;
 And may each soul salvation see
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

527

L. M.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
 Dear name, by heaven and earth
 adored!

Fain would our hearts and voices raise
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
 Are weak, and languishing, and low;
 Far, far above our mortal songs,
 The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around His board we meet,
 And worship at His glorious feet,
 Oh! let our warm affections move,
 In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
 To see Thy wondrous love displayed,
 Thy broken flesh, Thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble, penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
 And Thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

528

L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to Thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of holy fire?
 Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
 Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour, see;
 Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart
 And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

JOHN STEWART.

529

P. M.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress'd?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming;
 Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?—
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?—
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety;
 But of thorns."

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?—
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?—
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.”
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”

- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling
Is He sure to bless?—
“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, yes.”

STEPHEN OF ST. SABAS, 725--794.
TRANS. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851.

530

7s & 6s. D.

- W**E stand in deep repentance
Before Thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to Thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free.
- 2 O should'st Thou from us fallen
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;
But Thou to spirits contrite

Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

- 3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow;
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest. RAY PALMER.

531

P. M.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

- 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The cup shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite
Until He come.

- 5 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

G. RAWSON.

532

A parting hymn we sing,
Around Thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

533

C. M.

L ORD, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

S. M.

4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. CARLYLE, 1805.

534

C. M.

O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious Blood.

4 Thus would we all Thy words obey;
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

EDWARD OSLER, 1836.

535

C. M.

H ERE at Thy table, Lord! we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Sure, there was never love so free,
 Dear Saviour! so divine:
 Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me,
 Which owes so much to Thine.

4 Yes, Thou shalt surely have my heart,
 My soul, my strength, my all;
 With life itself I'll freely part,
 My Jesus! at Thy call.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

536

C. M.

THE blest memorials of Thy grief,
 The suff'rings of Thy death,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
 Our spirits when they droop,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges Thou wast pleas'd to leave
 Our mournful minds to move,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with love.

4 Here in obedience to Thy word,
 We take the bread and wine,
 The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
 For all beyond is Thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
 Lord, give us all that's good;
 We would Thy full salvation prove,
 And share Thy flesh and blood.

537

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 ||: But all their joys are one. :||

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 ||: "For He was slain for us." :||

3 Jesus is worthy to receive,
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 ||: Be, Lord, for ever Thine. :||

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 ||: And speak Thine endless praise. :||

5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 ||: And to adore the Lamb. :||

ISAAC WATTS.

538

C. M.

LET us adore th' eternal Word,
 'Tis He our souls hath fed;
 Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
 And Thou th' immortal Bread.

2 Blest be the Lord that gives His flesh,
 To nourish dying men;
 And often spreads His table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.

3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
 Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never, dies.

4 The God of mercy be adored
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by His redeeming Word
 And new-creating breath.

ISAAC WATTS.

539

C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy sacramental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me;
 Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

J MONTGOMERY.

540

7s.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh! do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In Thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek Thee,—here we stay;
 Lord, from hence we would not go,
 Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Send some message from Thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let Thy spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those who are cast down lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free;
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

541

7s.

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 “Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?”

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;—
Oh, for grace to love Thee more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

542

THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

4 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY F. MAUDE.

543

S. M.

JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board,
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food He gives His flesh;
He bids us drink His blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 The sacred elements
Remain mere wine and bread;
But signify and seal the love
Of Christ our cov'nant head.

4 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.

5 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one;
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.

7s.

6 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

7 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.
ISAAC WATTS.

544

S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord.

2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

545

C. M.

WITH humble faith, and thankful
heart,
Lord, I accept Thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet I have had,
What will it be above!

2 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

3 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

546

7s, 6l.

TILL He come:" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on the rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our lifejoy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord

Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till He come."

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

547

7s, 6l.

BREAD of heaven! on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever may our souls be fed

With this true and living Bread:
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him that died.

2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give;
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

548

C. M.

FATHER of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To Thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their various efforts bless;
On them Thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by Thy grace,
And guard them by Thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

THOMAS MORELL, 1818.

549

L. M.

LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in his heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign:
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

550

L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful may They ever be.

2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let Those words be Thine;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
And light through distant realms be
spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

B. BEDDOME.

551

C. M.

LORD, Thine appointed servants bless,
That they may faithful be,
To preach the truth in righteousness,
And sinners win to Thee.

2 Uphold them by Almighty power,
Thy strength divine impart,
And, in each dark and trying hour,
Cheer Thou their fainting heart.

3 In holy watchfulness and prayer,
O keep them near Thy side;
May they with loving zeal declare
A Saviour crucified.

4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw
near,
Thy Spirit now be given;
That they who preach, and those who
hear,
May sing Thy praise in heaven.

552

L. M.

GOD, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace re-
ceive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
And they condemned who disbelieve.

2 "I'll make your great commission
known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round His
head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

553

L. M.

YES Christian heralds! go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to
fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

B. H. DRAPER, 1803.

554

YE servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command:
And, while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

555

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not Thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

S. M.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

556

S. M. D.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

S. M.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

557

S. M. D.

LORD of the harvest! hear
 Thy needy servants cry;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.
 On Thee we humbly wait;
 Our wants are in Thy view;
 The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
 The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
 Into Thy Church abroad;
 And let them speak Thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.

Give the pure Gospel-word,
 The word of general grace;
 Thee let them preach, the common
 Lord,
 The Saviour of our race.

3 Oh, let them spread Thy name;
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thy all-redeeming love.
 On all mankind forgiven,
 Empower them still to call,
 And tell each creature under heaven,
 That Thou hast died for all.

C. WESLEY.

CORNER-STONE AND CHURCH CONSECRATION.

558

L. M.

O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands:

2 O grant that we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, they are Thine.

4 To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We render, Lord, to Thee Thine own.

5 The architects endue with skill:
The hands that work preserve from ill;
May all, who build this house to Thee,
Built in Thy heavenly temple be.

6 Both now and ever, Lord protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessed Trinity.

JOHN M. NEALE.

559

L. M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-
place.
And when Thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing
And heaven with earth the strain
prolong.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest!
Will here the world's Redeemer reign!
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart?
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

560

8s, 7s. 6 lines.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
 And the precious Corner-stone,
 Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,
 Bind them closely into one:
 Holy Zion's help forever,
 And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated City
 Dearly loved by God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody;
 God the One, and God the Trinal,
 Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day,
 With Thy wonted loving kindness
 Hear Thy people as they pray;
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls for aye.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they supplicate to gain:
 Here to have and hold for ever
 Those good things their prayers obtain:
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 With Thy blessed ones to reign.

5 Laud and honor to the Father;
 Laud and honor to the Son;
 Laud and honor to the Spirit;
 Ever Three and ever One:
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
 While unending ages run.

Latin Hymn. Trans. JOHN M. NEALE.

561

C. M.

BEHOLD the sure foundation Stone
 Which God in Zion lays
 To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
 And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 How glorious is Thy name!
 Saints trust their whole salvation here
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise;
 'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

I. WATTS.

562

H. M.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
 On Him alone we build;
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heav'n are filled:
 On His great love
 Our hopes we place,
 Of present grace,
 And joys above.

2 Oh then, with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring!
 Our voices we will raise,
 The Three in one to sing;
 And thus proclaim

In joyful song,
Both loud and long
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh
In copious shower,
On all who pray,
Each holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

563

7s.

LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

564

C. M.

O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow
warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the
storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. BRYANT.

565

C. M.

O God, who lovest to abide,
In Zion's chosen gate,
More than the thousand tents beside,
Where Israel's faithful wait—

2 Accept our works, and hear our vows,
Unworthy though we be;
And look in mercy on the house
We dedicate to Thee.

3 Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
Thy people when they pray;
Here in the waters of Thy font
Let sin be washed away.

4 Here set Thy Confirmation's seal
For ghostly strength and good;
Here give Thy people, as they kneel
Their Saviour's Flesh and Blood.

5 If after sin they seek Thy face,
And by Thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st, forgive!

6 If there be famine in the land,
Or pestilence, or foe,
Stretch out from heaven Thy strong
right hand,
When here Thy flock fall low.

7 Bless those, O Lord, and hear their
cry,
That raised Thy temple here:
That in Thy house beyond the sky,
With joy they may appear!

JOHN M. NEALE.

566

C. M.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest;
Lo! Thy Church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

I. WATTS.

567

L. M.

AND wilt Thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish Thine abode?
Then look propitious from Thy throne,
And take this temple for Thine own.

2 These walls we to Thine honor raise,
Long may they echo in Thy praise,
And Thou, descending, fill the place,
With the rich tokens of Thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer His friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
Thousands were born for glory here.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

568

L. M.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built to God:
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, and "all was good:"
And when its first few praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for Thee;
But in Thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

5 We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright Thy glories are;
But, Lord, if Thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the christian's tear.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS, 1825.

569

L. M.

OH, bow Thine ear, Eternal One!
On Thee our heart adoring calls;
To Thee the followers of Thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

J. PIERPONT.

570

S. M.

JESUS, most loving Lord,
Bless us, who now rejoice
The glories of this hallowed house
To tell with gladsome voice.

2 Here are the healing streams
To cleanse the sin-defiled:
Here God the Spirit with His strength
Endows the new-born child.

3 Here Jesus to His own
His body gives for food;
And stays their thirst with draughts divine
Of His most precious blood.

4 For sick and guilty souls
Sure mercies here abound:
The Judge in tenderness acquits;
Grace heals the deadly wound.

5 Yea, God, whose throne is heaven,
Deigns here to dwell, and train
The souls that worship Him, and strive
His home above to gain.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1844.

B U R I A L.

571

L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

A. L. BARBAULD.

572

L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away,
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

I. WATTS.

573

L. M.

THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was Thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

2 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

3 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in Thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span;
Till faith, and love, and piety
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

574

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing—
That death hath lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832.

575

L. M.

THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
The almighty everliving Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in Thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On Thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from Thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to Thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;
And on Thy covenant-love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

576

L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds;—no mortal woes,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
 Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed!
 Rest here, blest saint! till from His throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
 Attend, O earth! His sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust;—a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

I. WATTS.

577

S. M.

IT is not death to die—
 To leave this weary road,
 And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise, on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
 Thy chosen cannot die;
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847.

578

S. M.

OH for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord!
 Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
 In silent hope may lie,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
 Through long, succeeding years,
 Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
 Our praises and our tears.

5 Oh, for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord!
 Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward!

J. MONTGOMERY.

579

S. M.

THE pity of the Lord
 To those that fear His name,
 Is such as tender parents feel,
 He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
 Scattered with every breath;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS.

580

S. M.

THERE is no night in heaven,
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no want in heaven;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.

4 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

5 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

6 There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul.
And waft it to the skies!

F. W. KNOLLIS.

581

L. M.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrim's found:
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
||:Low in the ground.:||

2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
||:That shuts the rose.:||

3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
||:Pursue thy flight.:||

4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
||:A star of day.:||

J. MONTGOMERY.

582

C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven
declares
To those in Christ who die!
"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
They reign with Him on high."

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to His arms.

3 If sin be pardoned we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died!

4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
When in the grave He lay;
And rising thence, their hopes He raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ our life, we'll sing:
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

583

C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves the small number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the
ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath!
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

ISAAC WATTS.

584

C. M.

AS Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So His disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when from the
clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpets awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient
charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

4 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high:
The heavenly host, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

5 Together to their Father's house,
With joyful hearts, they go;
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

MICHAEL BRUCE, 1768.

585

C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n
proclaims

For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

ISAAC WATTS.

586

C. M.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave
And trample on the tomb;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
And on the clouds shall come.

2 I know that He shall soon appear
In power and glory meet;
And death the last of all His foes,
Lie vanquished at His feet.

3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour
And hold me for its prey,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment day.

4 I, in my flesh, shall see my God,
When He on earth shall stand;
I shall with all His saints ascend
To dwell at His right hand.

5 Then shall He wipe all tears away,
And hush the rising groan;
And pains and sighs and griefs and fears
Shall ever be unknown.

587

7s, 8s & 7s.

TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah, how peaceful; pale and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

588

6s & 4s.

FATHER, oh, hear me now!
Father, oh, hear me now!
Father divine!

Thou, only Thou, canst see
The heart's deep agony;
Help me to say to Thee
Thy will, not mine!"

2 O God! be Thou my stay.
O God be Thou my stay,

In this dark hour;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush every troubled fear,
Then let me still revere,
Still own Thy power.

3 In Thee alone I trust,
In Thee alone I trust,
Thou Holy One!
Humbly to Thee I pray
That through each troubled day
Of life, I still may say,
"Thy will be done!"

HALL.

589

8s & 7s.

GENTLY, Lord, oh gently lead us
Thro' this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes Thou'st decreed us
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on Thy bosom rest;
Till by angel-bands attended.
We awake among the blest.

THOS. HASTINGS.

590

8s & 7s.

EVERY thing we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish
Time can nothing, nothing save.

2 All is fading, all is fleeing:
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

3 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus lives, the first the last;
Lean on Me alone, He sayeth;
Hope and love and firmly trust.

4 Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
And who life eternal gives!

591

7s.

BLESSED are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence- | forth; || Yea, saith
the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do |
follow them.

2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | bidding; || We are
but of yesterday; there is but a | step · between | us and | death;

- 3 Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth; || He appeareth for a little time, then | vanish- | eth a | way.
- 4 Watch! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come; || Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man— | cometh.
- 5 It is the Lord; let Him do what | seemeth · Him | good; || The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed · be the | name · of the | Lord.
- 6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord | from hence | forth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

592

11s.

THE things of the earth, in the earth
let us lay.

The ashes with ashes, the dust with the
clay:

But lift up the heart, and the eye, and
the love,

O lift up the soul, to the regions above!

2 Since He, the Immortal, hath entered
the gate,

So too shall we mortals, or sooner or
late:

Then stand we on Christ; let us mark
Him ascend,

For His is the glory and life without end.

3 On earth with His own ones, the Giver
of good,

Bestowing His blessing, a little while
stood:

Now nothing can part us, nor distance,
nor foes,

For lo! He is with us, and who can op-
pose?

4 So, Lord, we commit this our *brother*
to Thee,

Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is
free:

We know that through grace, when our
life here is done,

We live still in Thee, and forever in
one.

5 All glory to Thee, Father, Spirit, and
Son,

Who Three art in Person, in substance
but One,

In whom we have victory over the grave,
Who lovest Thy people to pardon and
save.

593

BEYOND the smiling, and the weeping,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the waking, and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing, and the reaping,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest and home, home, sweet home!

Lord, tarry not, but come!

2 Beyond the blooming, and the fading,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping, and the dreading,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest and home, etc.

3 Beyond the parting, and the meeting,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the farewell, and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fever beating,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home, etc.

4 Beyond the frost-chain, and the fever,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the rock-waste, and the river,

Beyond the ever, and the never,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home, etc.

HORATIUS BONAR.

594

THEY'RE gathering homeward from
ev'ry land,

One by one, one by one,

And their weary feet touch the shining
strand,

Yes, one by one,

Their brows are inclosed in a golden
crown

Their travel-stained garments are all laid
down,

And clothed in white raiment they rest
in the mead

Where the Lamb of God His saints doth
lead.

REFRAIN.

Gathering home, gathering home,

Fording the river one by one,

Gathering home, gathering home,

Yes, one by one.

2 Before they rest, they pass thro' the
strife

One by one, one by one:

Thro' the waters of death they enter life,

Yes, one by one.

To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heav'n-
ly hill,

To others the waves run fiercely and
wild,

Yet they reach the home of the undefil-
ed.—REF.

<p>3 We too, shall come to the river-side, One by one, one by one, We are nearer its waters each eventide, Yes, one by one. We can hear the noise and the dash of the stream, Now and again through our life's deep dream; Some times the floods all the banks over- flow, And sometimes in ripples and small waves go.—REF.</p>	<p>4 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee, One by one, one by one, We lift up our voices tremblingly, Yes, one by one; The waves of the river are dark and cold, We know not the place where our feet may hold; May Thou who didst pass through in deep mid-night, Stand by us, and guide us, our staff and light.—REF.</p>
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HARVEST AND THANKSGIVING

595

10s.

THANKS be to God for His wonderful love!

Praise ye His name for the gifts from above!

Anthems of gladness peal forth on the breeze,

Echo His greatness o'er land and o'er seas.

Praise Him, ye sons of the blessed and good!

Praise Him, ye mountains, and valleys, and flood!

Praise Him, ye daughters and children of men!

Praise Him from hill-top, and forest and glen.

2 Thanks for the gift of His only dear Son!

Thanks for His goodness life's journey to run!

Thanks for the summer and winter between!

Thanks for the autumn and spring evergreen!

Thanks for the air, and for winds, and for sky!

Thanks for the sun, and for stars upon high!

Thanks for the moon, and for day and for night!

Thank Him for dew, and for rain, and for light.

3 Praise His great name! let the nations adore;

Redeemer and Saviour, God evermore;
Enthroned with the angels, blessed above;
Praise Him, O earth, for His wonderful love!

Praise Him, ye smallest and greatest of all!

Praise Him, ye kindred that rise from the fall!

Praise Him, ye children of weakness and death!

Praise Him! O praise Him! all ye that have breath!

GEORGE D. EMERSON.

596

C. M.

SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine
With beams of heav'nly grace!
Reveal Thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,
||: And show Thy smiling face. :||

2 Here fix Thy throne exalted high,
And here our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
||: Surround Thy favorite land. :||

3 When shall Thy name from shore to shore
 Sound all the earth abroad,
 And distant nations know and love
 ||: Their Saviour and their God?: ||

4 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,
 And yield a full increase;
 Our God will crown His chosen land
 ||: With fruitfulness and peace.: ||

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
 His choicest favors here,
 While the creation's utmost bound
 ||: Shall see, adore, and fear.: ||

ISAAC WATTS.

597

C. M.

O blessed Lord! the earth is Thine,
 By Thy creative hand
 The golden harvests crown the year,
 And deck the fertile land.

2 O blessed Lord! Thou Bread of life
 That cometh down from heaven!
 Supplies of everlasting food
 By Thee to man are given.

3 Thy Godhead is the well-spring, Lord,
 The pure, exhaustless source,
 From which they flow, through age to age
 In never-ending course.

4 In channels formed by Thee they flow,
 In rivulets of grace,
 Refreshing all who wander here
 In this world's desert place.

5 O feed us weary pilgrims, Lord,
 And to Thy Zion bring,
 To keep a heavenly feast with Thee,
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

C. WORDSWORTH.

598

C. M.

LORD, in Thy name Thy servants
 plead,
 And Thou hast sworn to hear:
 Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
 The fresh and fading year.

2 Our Hope, when autumn winds blew
 wild:

We trusted, Lord with Thee;
 And still, now spring has on us smiled,
 We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
 The summer sun and air,
 The green ear, and the golden grain,
 All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
 The Spirit's growth unseen;
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that
 brace,
 The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious fruits brought
 forth

By sun and moon below,
 That Thee in Thy new heaven and
 earth

We never may forego.

JOHN KEBLE, 1857.

599

6s. & 4s.

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

600

8s & 7s.

FATHER, blessing ev'ry seedtime,
And refreshing all the soil,

Ripening the gracious harvest
For which all Thy servants toil;
O Thou Source of ev'ry blessing
Showered daily from above,
Hearken to our lips confessing
||:Our thanksgiving for Thy love.:||

2 Here we bless Thy hand that gave us
Thought and feeling, life and limb;
Bless Thy Son, who died to save us,
In our glad and joyous hymn;
Bless Thy Spirit, who doth make us
Fit to worship as we ought;
Father leave not nor forsake us,
||:Till into Thy garner brought.:||

3 With Thy dew and sunshine tend us,
Through life's long and changeable year;
From the Enemy defend us,
Lest the tares of sin appear.
Let Thine eye and hand the keepers
Of our souls for ever be,
Till Thine angel harvest reapers
||:Sheaves of glory bind for Thee.:||

JUDITH MADAN.

601

P. M.

NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee;
 Thou didst indeed chastise us;
 Yet still Thy goodness spares,
 And still Thy mercy tries us.
 Once more our Father's hand
 Has bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land:
 Lord God, we worship Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee,
 Whose goodness reigneth o'er us:
 We praise Thy love and power
 In loud and happy chorus,
 To heaven our song shall soar;
 For ever shall it be
 Resounding o'er and o'er;
 Lord God, we worship Thee.

M. RINKART, 1644. Trans. CATHARINE WINEWORTH, 1858.

602

6s & 4s.

THE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice!
 The valleys laugh and sing;
 Forests and mountains ring;
 The plains their tribute bring;
 The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth;
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely; but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
 Hands, heart, and voices raise,
 With sweet accord;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY.

603

6s & 4s.

GOD bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On Him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844.

604

S. M. D.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne:
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own!
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee;
 And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Thro' all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
 The God Incarnate born,
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won
 Which now His brow adorn.
 Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
 True Branch of Jesse's stem,
 The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
 The Babe of Bethlehem!

3 Crown Him the Lord of Love!
 Behold His hands and side,—
 Those wounds, yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified:
 No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his wondering eye
 At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 In heaven and earth, that wars may cease
 And all be prayer and praise.
 His reign shall know no end;
 And round His pierced feet
 Fair flowers of Paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven!
 One with the Father known,—
 And the blest Spirit, through Him given
 From yonder Triune throne!
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For Thou hast died for me:
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail
 Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

605

L. M.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
 Crown Him, ye nations, in your song!
 His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse;
 His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 Herides, and thunders through the sky;
 His name, Jehovah, sounds on high!
 Sing to His name, ye sons of grace!
 Ye saints! rejoice before His face.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him
 blest;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
 When terrors rise and nations faint,
 God is the strength of every saint.

ISAAC WATTS.

606

L. M.

ALL people, that on earth do dwell!
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
 Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is good indeed:
 Without our aid He did us make;
 We are his flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

JOHN HOPKINS, or WM. KETHE, about 1562.

607

L. M.

LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make His honors known abroad,
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds His blessings to their meat.

3 Through all our coasts His laws are
shown,
His Gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus revealed His word
To every land; praise ye the Lord!

608

L. M.

GREAT God of nations! now to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise:
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer Thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God!
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here Thou our father's steps did guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise Thee that the Gospel's
light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in Thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts
here,
Let all the people worship Thee.

ALFRED ALEXANDER WOODHULL, 1829.

609

H. M.

SING to the Lord most high!
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and His power;
Let cheerful songs declare His ways,
And let His praise inspire your tongues.

2 Enter His courts with joy,
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with His Hand,
And quickened by His word.
With wide command He spreads His sway
O'er every sea, and every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon His care,
And in His pastures live.
With cheerful songs declare His ways.
And let His praise inspire your tongues,

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure.
With bounteous hand he spreads His
 sway
O'er every sea, and every land.

610

H. M.

BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring in joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise to heaven's high
 King.

2 The nation Thou hast blessed
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care;
For this fair land, for this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,—gifts of Thy
 hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen;
May every tongue be tuned to praise,
And join to raise a grateful song.

4 Earth! hear Thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,

And worship Him alone:
Cast down thy pride, thy sin deplore,
And bow before the crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
Oh! may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band,
A countless throng, ever to sing,
To heav'n's high King, salvation's
 song.
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1832.

611

7s & 6s.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

REFRAIN:

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heav'n above,
Then thank the Lord! O thank
 the Lord,
For all His love!

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed:
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread. — REF.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food;
 Accept the gifts we offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 And, what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble thankful hearts.—REF.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1740—1815.
 Tr. MISS J. M. CAMPBELL, 1861.

612

S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great;
 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace—
 How beautiful they stand!
 The honors of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
 A refuge in distress:
 How bright has His salvation shone
 Through all her palaces.

4 Oft have our fathers trod,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair,
 We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

613

7s. D.

COME, ye thankful people come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin:
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield:
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Grant, O Harvest Lord, that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home:
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast:
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant,
 come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!
 All are safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin:
 There, forever purified,
 In God's garner to abide;
 Come, ten thousand angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

HENRY ALFORD.

614

7s.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song:
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heav'nly King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

NATHAN STRONG.

615

7s. D.

THOU, by heav'nly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sov'reign Lord!
God of nations, King of kings!
Head of all created things,
By the Church with joy confest,
God o'er all forever blest;
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our land!

2 From all public sin and shame,
From ambition's grasping aim,
From rebellion, war, and death,
From the pestilential breath,

From dread famine's awful stroke,
From oppression's galling yoke,
From the judgments of Thy hand;
Spare Thy people, spare our land!

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land!

HENRY HAREBAUGH, 1860.

616

7s.

SUMMER ended, harvest o'er,
Lord! to Thee our song we pour,
For the valley's golden yield,
For the fruits of tree and field.

2 For the promise ever sure
That while heaven and earth endure
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat
Shall their yearly round complete.

3 For the care which, while we slept,
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,
Watch o'er all the buried grain,
Soon to burst to life again.

4 When the reaping angels bring
Tares and wheat before the King,
Jesus, may we gathered be
In the heavenly barn to Thee.

5 Then the angel-cry shall sound,
Praise the Lamb! the lost are found;
And the answering song shall be,
Alleluia, praise to Thee—

6 Praise to Thee, the toil is o'er;
Blight and curse shall be no more;
Lo! the mighty work is done;
Glory to the Three in One.

PHILLIMORE.

617

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

Pure religion's holier beams;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1772.

618

10s.

HONOR and glory, thanksgiving and
praise,
Maker of all things, to Thee we upraise;
God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord;
God by the angels obeyed and adored.

7s.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,
Started to life and to light at Thy Word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their
march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to
come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river,
the plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and
the rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy
care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

6 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy
 love
 Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
 Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
 And at Thine Advent, Lord, pardon the
 past. E. A. DAYMAN.

619

P. M.

PRAISE to the Lord! He is King over
 all the creation!
 Praise to the Lord! O my soul, as the
 God of salvation!
 Join in the song—
 Psalt'ry and harp, roll along
 Praise in your solemn vibration.

2 Praise to the Lord! Who in glorious
 majesty reigning,
 Beareth thee upward, on wings like the
 eagle's sustaining—

Thee to uphold,
 Arms of His mercy enfold—
 Faithful 'mid all thy complaining

3 Praise to the Lord! Who with honor
 and blessing hath crowned thee,
 Pouring His gifts out of heaven like
 showers around thee;

Think of it too,
 What the Almighty can do—
 How by His love He hath bound thee.

4 Praise to the Lord! and let all that is
 in me adore Him:
 All that hath breath sing, with Abra-
 ham's children before Him—
 He is our light,
 Fountain of glory and might,
 Come, let us kneel and adore Him!

JOACHIM NEANDER. TRANS. THOMAS C. PORTER.

MORNING AND EVENING.

620

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, to grateful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from me!

||: His loving kindness, O how free! :||

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,

||: His loving-kindness, O how great! :||

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,

||: His loving-kindness, O how strong! :||

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath

||: His loving-kindness sing in death. :||

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
||: His loving-kindness in the skies. :||

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1787.

621

L. M.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun—He makes our day;
God is our shield—He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King! whose sovereign
sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display Thy grace, exert Thy power,
Till all on earth Thy name adore!

ISAAC WATTS.

622

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,

I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN, 1697.

623

L. M.

BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove
abroad;

Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace,
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence; and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives,
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land His power confess;
Let all the earth adore His grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

624

L. M.

GIVE thanks to God! He reigns above:
Kind are His thoughts, His name
is love:

His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great His works! how kind His
ways!

Let every tongue pronounce His praise!

625

L. M.

NOW with the rising, golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

4 Grant us a body pure within;
A wakeful heart, a ready will;
That no dark deed nor cherished sin,
The fervor of the soul may chill.

5 Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true!
 With Thy most pure, celestial ray;
 So may we walk in safety through
 All the temptations of this day.

6 Upon our fainting souls distill
 The grace of Thy celestial dew;
 Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
 No former sin revive anew.

7 Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
 To scorn all vanities below;
 Faith to detect each falsity;
 And knowledge Thee alone to know.
Latin Hymn. Trans. E. CASWALL.

626

L. M.

MY GOD! how endless is Thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thouspreadst the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
 To Thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings, from Thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

627

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found.
 And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving name.

WM. COWPER.

628

C. M

GOD of my life, my morning song
 To Thee I cheerful raise;
 Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by Thy almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from every harm,
 To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in
 sighs
 And restless pains and woes,
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And rose from sweet repose.

4 Oh, let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let Thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

629

C. M.

O God, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The Holy Church throughout the
world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' Eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

630

C. M.

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eyes;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But in Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

631

S. M.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

ISAAC WATTS.

632

S. M.

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With Thee to watch and pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

633

S. M.

O Jesus, God and man,
On this Thy holy day,
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below,
As angels do above.

3 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessed saints.

4 On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

5 O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1852.

634

S. M.

MY God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without Thy love,
No relish can afford:
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

5 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
An on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

I. WATTS.

635

S. M.

WE lift our hearts to Thee,
 Thou Day-star from on high:
 The sun itself is but Thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh, let Thy rising beams
 Dispel the shades of night;
 And let the glories of Thy love,
 Come like the morning light!

3 How beauteous nature now!
 How dark and sad before!—
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for error's past;
 And live this short revolving day
 As if it were our last.

J. WESLEY.

636

S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 Oh, may I ever keep in mind
 The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
 Upon my bed to rest;
 So death will soon remove me hence,
 And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
 Secure from all my fears;
 May angels guard me while I sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

4 And when my days are past,
 And I from time remove,
 Lord, may I in Thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of Thy love.

J. LELAND.

637

7s. 6 lines.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way:
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day;
 ||: Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest. ||

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 ||: From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest, this day, in Thee. ||

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 May we feel Thy presence near:
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 ||: Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast. ||

4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 ||: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above. ||

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

638

7s.

AS the sun doth daily rise,
Bright'ning all the morning skies,
So to Thee with one accord
||Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!:||

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good;
Strength unto our souls afford
||From Thy living bread, O Lord!:||

3 Be our guard in sin and strife;
Be the leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
||Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!:||

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace,
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy Word,
||Wisdom true impart, O Lord!:||

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou by sleepless hosts adored,
:||Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!:||

6 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
Be Thy strengthening grace outpoured,
||Save the tempted ones, O Lord!:||

7 Praise we with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
||Praise and magnify, O Lord!:||

KING ALFRED, 900. TRANS. EARL NELSON, 1864.

639

8s, 7s. D.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory;
Of His light essential ray;
Light of life, all light enshrining;
Day illumining the day;
Jesus, Sun divine, upon us
With perpetual brilliance gleam;
Fill our hearts, each sense enlighten
With the Spirit's hallowing beam.

2 Thee we pray, too, Holy Father,
Fount of life, and Source of grace,
By the cleansing of Thy Spirit
Taint of sin from us efface:
In each strong resolve be with us,
And the Tempter's rage subdue;
Turn to good each sad misfortune;
Be our Guide in all we do.

3 Rule our inmost thought and action;
Grant us heavenly purity,
Faith that glows with holy fervor,
Incorrupt simplicity.
Feed us with the Bread from heaven,
And that drink that cannot cloy;
Comfort us in all our weakness
With the Spirit's holy joy.

4 Thus shall speed the day in gladness,
Modesty like dawn shall glow,
Faith shall shine as light at noon-day,
And the soul no night shall know.
Praise and glory to the Father!
Praise and glory to the Son!
Praise and glory to the Spirit!
Ever Three and ever One.

AMBROSE, 340—397. TRANS. W. S. COPELAND, altered.

640

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity!
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

641

L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

7s.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away?
And praise with the angelic choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire?

THOMAS KEN, 1697.

642

L. M.

O Light of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep, bow down Thine ear;
Thro' day and dark, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time till time shall
end,

Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore!

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

643

L. M.

O blest Creator, God most High,
Great Ruler of the starry sky,
Who, robing day with beauteous light,
Hast clothed in soft repose the night.

2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the careworn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest.

3 We thank Thee for the day that's
gone;

We pray Thee, now the night comes on:
O help us sinners as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.

4 To Thee our hearts their music bring,
To Thee our lips in concord sing;
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

5 Lord, when the parting beams of day
In evening's shadows fade away,
Let faith no wildering darkness know,
But night with faith's own splendor
glow.

J. D. CHAMBERS.

644

L. M.

GREAT God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched
heart,

Too oft regardless of Thy love
Ungrateful can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

ANNE STEELE.

645

L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,—
 But sacred, high, eternal noon!

4 O long-expected day, begin!
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

646

L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
 Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
 And ev'ry evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But He forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head,
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
 O, may Thy presence ne'er depart;
 And, in the morning, make me hear
 The love and kindness of Thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
 And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

647

L. M.

AT even ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
 Oh! in what divers pains they met!
 Oh! with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
 What if Thy form we cannot see?
 We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
 For some are sick; and some are sad,
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not
 free;
 And some have friends who give them
 pain;
 Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin;
 And they, who fain would love Thee best,
 Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would
 hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. TWEELS.

648

L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest,
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn to eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store,
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take;
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBEL, 1827.

649

S. M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
 Nearer my home to-day, am I,
 Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer to-day the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where burdens are laid down;
 Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
 Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
 Winding down through the night,
 There rolls the deep and unknown stream
 That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
 Are slipping on the brink,
 And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
 Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
 Strengthen my power of faith!
 Nor let me stand, at last, alone
 Upon the shore of death.

650

L. M.

FADING, still fading, the last beam
 is shining;
 Father in heaven, the day is declining;
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,

Temptation and danger walk forth with
the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morn-
ing bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from
crime.
Father, have mercy, Father have mercy,
Father, have mercy through Jesus Christ
our Lord.

2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we
call!
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour
of all;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy
might;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be
our light;
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night
taper burns,
Wake in Thine arms when morning re-
turns.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy through Jesus Christ
our Lord.

651

C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

ANNE STEELE.

652

C. M.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

P. H. BROWN.

653

C. M.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose breath our souls inspired;
 Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
 With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose goodness, passing thought,
 Loads every moment, as it flies,
 With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise;
 From whom salvation flows:
 Who sent His Son our souls to save
 From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 For hope's transporting ray,
 Which lights through darkest shades of death
 To realms of endless day.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803.

654

C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
 Let flames of love arise;
 Assist us, Lord! to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors and new joys
 Do a new song require;
 Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
 Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our time! whose hand hath set
 New time upon the score,
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.

J. MASON, 1683.

655

C. M. D.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away!
 O for the pearly gates of heaven!
 O for the golden floor!
 O for the Sun of Righteousness,
 That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
 Oh, for a soul washed white,
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher:
 But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,

And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER, 1853.

656

8s. & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour;
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. NEWTON.

657

8s. & 7s.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore
Him;

Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

RICHARD MANT.

658

C. P. M.

THY mighty working, mighty God!
Wakes all my pow'rs; I look abroad,
And can no longer rest;
I, too, must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring;
The Highest loveth best.

2 If Thou in Thy great love to us,
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!

3 What thrilling joy, when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light
Where all the air is sweet;
Still laden with the unwearied hymn
From all the thousand seraphim
Who God's high praise repeat!

4 Oh, were I there! oh, that I now
Before Thy throne, my God, could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm!
Then, like the angels, would I raise
My voice, and sing Thine endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

Tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

659

8s. & 7s.

SAVIOUR, breath an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow near us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watcheth where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

660

C. M. D.

THE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky,
 Upon the fragrance of the flow'rs
 The dews of evening lie;
 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n,
 We kneel at close of day,
 Look on Thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
 O do not Thou despise,
 But let the incense of our prayers
 Before Thy mercy rise;
 The brightness of the coming night
 Upon the darkness rolls;
 With hopes of future glory chase
 The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
 So fade within our heart
 The hopes in earthy love and joy,
 That one by one depart;
 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine:
 Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in
 heaven,
 And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace O God!
 Upon our souls descend,
 From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend.
 Give us a respite from our toil,
 Calm and subdue our woes;
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
 O give us now repose!

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

661

C. M. D.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flow'rs:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink

To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink.
And fear to launch away.

3 O, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS 1709.

662

C. M. D.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,

And so fulfill His word:
When each can feel his brother's
sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

2 When, free from envy, scorn and
pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN, 1792.

OPENING AND CLOSING.

663

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-
ful songs,

High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity, Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS.

664

L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord! all nature join
In work and worship so divine,
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

2 While realms of joy, and worlds
around,

Their hallelujahs high resound,
Let saints below, and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and
tongue;

While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to His name.

4 Beyond the grave in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin and pains,
Eternally the Church will raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

665

L. M.

O blessed God, to Thee I raise
My voice in thankful hymns of praise;
And when my voice shall silent be,
My silence shall be praise to Thee.

2 For voice and silence doth impart
The filial homage of my heart;
And both alike are understood
By Thee, Thou Parent of all good—

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who loves my loudest praise to hear,
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.

GREEK HYMN.

666

L. M.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts
flow;

Jesus, no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God:
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains;
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.
ANNE STEEL.

667

L. M.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat!

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,

And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

668

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore.

Till suns shall rise and set no more!

ISAAC WATTS.

669

L. M.

PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple
gates;

All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills,
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and
sing,

And nature smiles and owns her king.

5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

670

S. M.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His work and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

671

S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here
And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my great God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing and bear herself away
To everlasting bliss.

WM. BROWN, 1831.

672

S. M.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit
And smile on all around.

4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord! a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. STENNETT, 1787.

673

C. M.

A GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to Thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of Thy people hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within Thy house of prayer;
Oh, give us hearts to pray!

3 The clouds which veil Thee from our
sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of Thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
To aid our feeble praise.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

674

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend!
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

675

C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift, with Thy hands, a holy heart,
To His sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

J. NEEDHAM, 1768.

676

6s & 4s.

COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame :
"Tell what His love hath done;
Trust in His name alone ;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name!
There, too, may we be found,

With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

JAS. BODEN.

677

6s & 4s.

JESUS! Thy name I love
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God!
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above—
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. DECK.

678

6s & 4s.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through His courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound His great acts of love,
While His rich grace we prove,
Vast as His power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as His fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with His name.

3 While His high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose :
Praise ye the Lord.

WM. GOODE.

679

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name
we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise;
Again we bless Thee ere our worship
cease,
And lowly bowing, wait Thy word of
peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-
ward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end
the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy
name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy chil-
dren free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our
earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our peace in
strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-
flict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.
JOHN ELLERTON.

680

8s, 7s & 4s.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
||:O refresh us:|
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;
 ||:May Thy presence:||
 With us, evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 ||:We shall surely:||
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

ROBERT HAWKER, 1774.

681

8s & 7s. D.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount,—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord I feel it—

Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
 Seal it from the courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

682

L. M.

WHEN two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount His acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
 To bless the little company;
 There, to unvail His smiling face,
 And bid His glories fill the place.

3 We meet at Thy command, O Lord!
 Relying on Thy faithful word;
 Now send the Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

683

L. M.

DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord!
 Help us to feed upon Thy word;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

JOSEPH HART.

684

8s.

DEAR Saviour, bless us ere we go,
 Thy word into our minds instill,
 And make our luke-warm hearts to glow

With lowly love and fervent will;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy

That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1749.

MISCELLANEOUS.

685

P. M.

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps, forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might.

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yes, we can.

3 Yes, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Poet's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee!

F. POTT, 1861.

686

P. M.

HOLY Jesus, be my light,
Shine upon my way
Through this tempting, changing life
Lead me day by day.

2 As the wise men came of old,
Traveling afar,
Guided to Thy cradle throne
By a wondrous star.

3 So be Thou my constant Guide,
Lead me all the way,
Till I reach Thy home at last,
Nevermore to stray.

687

8s & 4s.

JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee;
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light. Amen.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life. Amen.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

688

C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

689

P. M.

BEAUTIFUL Saviour,
King of creation,
Son of God and Son of man!
Truly I'd love Thee,
Truly I'd serve Thee.
Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight,
And the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Saviour,
 Lord of the nations,
 Son of God and Son of man!
 Glory and honor,
 Praise, adoration,
 Now and for evermore be Thine.

Translated by R. S. WILLIS.

690

8s, 7s.

JESUS loves me, Jesus loves me,
 He is always, always near;
 If I try to please Him truly,
 There is naught that I can fear.

2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,
 For to save my soul He died;
 He for me bore pain and sorrow,
 Nailed hands and pierced side.

3 Jesus loves me; night and morning
 Jesus hears the prayers I pray,
 And He never, never leaves me,
 When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me, and He watches
 Over me with loving eye,
 And He sends His holy angels
 Safe to keep me till I die.

5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesus,
 Now I pray Thee by Thy love
 Keep me ever pure and holy
 Till I come to Thee above.

691

6s & 5s.

JESUS Christ our Saviour,
 Once for us a child,
 In Thy whole behavior,

Meek, obedient, mild:
 In Thy footsteps, treading
 We Thy lambs will be,
 Foe nor danger dreading
 While we follow Thee.

2 For all gifts and graces
 While we live below,
 Till in heavenly places
 We Thy face shall know;
 We, Thy children, raising
 Unto Thee our hearts,
 In Thy constant praising
 Bear our duteous parts.

3 Let Thine angels guide us;
 Let Thine arms enfold;
 In Thy bosom hide us,
 Sheltered from the cold;
 As Thy love hath won us
 From the world away,
 Still Thy hands put on us;
 Bless us day by day.

W. WHITING.

692

7s, 6s. D.

I love to hear the story
 Which angel voices tell,
 How once the King of glory
 Came down on earth to dwell;
 I am both weak and sinful,
 But this I surely know,
 The-Lord came down to save me,
 Because He loves me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me,
 To show how pure and holy

His little ones should be.
 And if I try to follow
 His footsteps here below,
 He never will forget me,
 Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy,
 My sweetest songs I'll raise;
 And though I cannot see Him
 I know He hears my praise;
 And He has kindly promised
 That I shall surely go
 To sing among His angels,
 Because He loves me so.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

693

6s & 5s.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.

CHORUS:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;

We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.—CHO.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1865.

694

8s & 7s.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
 Bless Thy little Lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer;

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN, 1839.

695

THERE'S a Friend for little children

Above the bright blue sky—

A Friend that never changes,

Whose love will never die.

Our earthly friends may fail us,

And change with changing years;

This Friend is always worthy

Of that dear name He bears.

2 There's a home for little children

Above the bright blue sky,

Where Jesus reigns in glory—

A home of peace and joy;

No home on earth is like it,

Nor can with it compare,

For every one is happy,

Nor could be happier there.

3 There's a crown for little children

Above the bright blue sky,

And all who look for Jesus

Shall wear it by and by—

A crown of brightest glory,

Which He will then bestow

On those who found His favor

And loved His name below.

4 There's a song for little children

Above the bright blue sky,

And a harp of sweetest music

And palms of victory,

All, all above is treasured,

And found in Christ alone;

Lord, grant Thy little children

To know Thee as their own.

696

I am Jesus' little lamb,

Therefore glad and gay I am;

Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,

All that's good and fair He shows me,

Tends me ev'ry day the same,

Even calls me by my name.

2 Out and in I safely go,

Want and hunger never know;

Soft green pastures He discloseth,

Where His happy flock repositeth;

When I faint or thirsty be,

To the brook He leadeth me.

3 Should not I be glad and gay,

In this blessed fold all day,

By this holy Shepherd tended,

Whose kind arms, when life is ended,

Bear me to the world of light?

Yes, oh yes, my lot is bright.

697

8s & 7s. 81

NO more sadness now, nor fasting;

Now we put our grief away;

God came down, the Everlasting,

Taking human flesh today.

God came down on earth a Stranger,

Working out His mighty plan;

God was cradled in a manger,

Very God, and very Man.

2 There were shepherds once abiding

In the field to watch by night,

And they saw the clouds dividing,

And the sky above was bright;

And a glory shone around them
On the grass as they were laid;
And a holy angel found them,
And their hearts were sore afraid.

3 "Fear ye not," he said; "for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring,
Unto you, so weak and fearful,
Christ is born, the Lord and King."
As the angel told the story
Of the Saviour's lowly birth,
Multitudes were singing "Glory
Be to God, and peace on earth!"

4 Since Thy love for our salvation,
Saviour, covered Thee with shame,
Let Thy Church, in every nation,
Sing the glory of Thy Name;
Let Thy Holy Spirit make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like Thyself, until Thou take us
To our Father's house above.

JOHN M. NEALE.

698

WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory.

2 "Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.—CHO.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.—CHO.

4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall
find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."—CHO.

5 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song.—CHO.

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease!"—CHO.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.

699

WAKEN, Christian children,
Up, and let us sing,
With glad hearts and voices,
Of our new-born King.
Up! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to day.

2 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heav'nly Child,
O'er him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.
Far above that stable,

Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.
Gifts he asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, he loveth
Infant purity.
Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

S. C. HAMERTON.

700

P. M.

HARK! a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night:
To the shepherds of Judea,
Watching in the earliest dawn,
So they bear the joyful tidings,
"Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born."

CHORUS.

Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the stormy sky,
As they chant the heav'nly music,
"Glory be to God on high!"

2 Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the mighty Lord of all,
And before the holy Stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long-expected,
Full of wisdom, love, and grace,
To redeem his ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.

CHORUS.

So let angels wake the chorus,
So let ransomed men reply,
Chanting the celestial anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

3 And this joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

CHORUS.

Hark! we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heav'nly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

MRS. M. N. MEIGS.

701

P. M.

HARK! hark my soul; Angelic songs
are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's
wave-beat shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no
more.

CHORUS.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of
the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,
“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
you come;”
And, through the dark its echoes sweet-
ly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us
home.—CHO.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o’er land
and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps
to Thee.—CHO.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be
long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome
night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the
weary,
And heaven, the heart’s true home,
will come at last. CHO.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above;
Till morning’s joy shall end the night
of weeping,
And life’s long shadows break in
cloudless love.—CHO.
F, W. FABER.

702

HOLY night! peaceful night!
All is dark, save the light
Yonder, where they sweet vigil keep
O’er the Babe, who in silent sleep
||: Rests in heavenly peace. :||

2 Holy night! peaceful night!
Only for shepherd’s sight
Came blest visions of angel-throngs
With their loud alleluia songs,
||: Saying, Jesus is come. :||

3 Holy night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, oh, how bright
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast
born!
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
||: Full of heavenly joy. :||

703

CAROL, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ’s nativity;
And pray a gladsome Christmas

For all good Christian men,
Carol, carol, Christians,
Christmas come again.

Carol, Carol,
Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity.

2 Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow,
And gather them for Jesus,
Wreathe them for His shrine,
Make His temple glorious
With the box and pine.
Carol, carol etc.

3 Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness
For the robes of light,
That we may live as lowly
As Thyself with men,
So to rise in glory
When Thou com'st again.
Carol, carol, etc.

704

P. M.

I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS:

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

705

P. M.

OUR Lord hath arisen;
The tempter is foiled,
His legions are scattered,
His strongholds are spoiled.
Oh sing Hallelujah!
Oh sing Hallelujah!
Oh sing Hallelujah!
Christ Jesus is King.

2 O Death, we defy thee;
 A stronger than thou
 Hath entered thy palace;
 We fear thee not now.
 Oh sing, etc.

3 O Sin, thou art vanquished,
 Thy long reign is o'er;
 Though still thou dost vex us,
 We dread thee no more.
 Oh sing, etc.

4 Our Lord hath arisen,
 Day breaketh at last;
 The long night of weeping
 Is now well nigh past.
 Oh sing, etc.

706

SMILE praises, O sky!
 Soft breathe them, O air!
 Below and on high,
 And everywhere;
 The black troop of storms
 Has scattered and fled,
 The Lord hath arisen,
 Unharm'd from the dead.

2 Sweep tides of rich music
 The new world along,
 And pour in full measure,
 Sweet lyres, your song.
 Sing, sing, for He liveth,
 He lives, as He said;
 The Lord hath arisen
 Unharm'd from the dead.

3 Clap, clap, your hands, mountains;
 Ye valleys, resound;
 Leap, leap for joy, fountains;
 Ye hills, catch the sound.
 All triumph! He liveth,
 He lives, as He said;
 The Lord has arisen
 Unharm'd from the dead.

Trans. by MRS. CHARLES.

707

WE will carol joyfully
 On this holy festal day;
 To our risen Lord and King
 Grateful homage we will bring.
 Carol, carol, carol, carol
 To our risen Lord and King.

2 We will carol joyfully
 As, with sweet accord, we bring
 Praise from every heart and voice
 To our risen Lord and King.
 Carol, carol, etc

3 We will carol joyfully,
 While our love and thanks we give
 To our risen Lord and King,
 Him who died that we might live.
 Carol, carol, etc.

4 We will carol joyfully,
 And to Him our offerings bring—
 Grateful hearts, with love and praise,
 To our risen Lord and King.
 Carol, carol, etc.

708

THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.
 We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pains He had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffer'd there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.
 There was none other good enough
 To pay the price of sin,
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.
 For there's a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

709

ENDLESS praises to our Lord,
 Ever be His name adored.
 Angels crown Him—crown the Lamb;
 He is worthy; praise His name.
 2 Now adore Him for His grace
 To our guilty, fallen race;
 Come, then, children, join to sing;
 "Glory to our God and King!"

710

7s, 6s. D.

TELL me the old, old story,
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin!
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon!
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon!—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave;
 Remember! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.
 Tell me that story always,
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory

Is costing me too dear.
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is drawing on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story:
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—CHO.

K. HANKEY.

711

7s, 6s. D.

I love to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know 'tis true;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the old, old story
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story:
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story:
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation,
 From God's own holy word.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,

I sing the New, New Song,
 'Twill be the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long.—CHO.
 K. HANKEY.

712

7s, 6s. D.

I saw the cross of Jesus,
 When burdened with my sin;
 I sought the cross of Jesus,
 To give me peace within;
 I brought my soul to Jesus,
 He cleansed it in His blood;
 And in the cross of Jesus
 I found my peace with God.

CHORUS.

No righteousness, no merit,
 No beauty can I plead;
 Yet in the cross I glory,
 My title there I read.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in peace unshaken,
 Till with Him, ne'er to part;
 And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing His wondrous power,
 Where sin can never enter,
 And death is known no more.

CHORUS.

I love the cross of Jesus,
 It tells me what I am;
 A vile and guilty creature,
 Saved only through the Lamb.

713

SING them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty ;

CHORUS.

Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life.

2 Christ, the blessed One gives to all
 Wonderful words of life;
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of life;
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.—CHO.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify forever.—CHO.

P. P. BLISS.

714

THERE is a blessed Home,
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow;

P. M. 2 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

3 There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell.

4 Around its glorious throne,
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One
 And Spirit, evermore.

5 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands, and feet, and side;

6 To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

7 Look up ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe.

6s.

8 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

715

MY Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

2 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet, clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

4 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then I feel that He —
Remembered or forgot —
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

716

FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

S. M.

2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save:
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

717

S. M. D.

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;

7s. They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,

'Twas He that made me whole;
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold:
 I was a wayward child;
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Fathers voice,
 I love, I love His home.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1844.

718

8s, 7s, 3s.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
 Thou art scattering full and free;
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me,

REFRAIN:

Even me, Even me,
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
 Let me live and cling to Thee;
 For I'm longing for Thy favor;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me!
 —REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak some word of power to me.
 REF.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free:
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
 Magnify it all in me. — REF.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

719

I think when I read that sweet story of
 old,

When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as Lambs
 to His fold,

I should like to have been with them
 then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed
 on my head,

That His arms had been thrown around
 me,

And that I might have seen His kind
 looks when he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
 may go,

And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above;

4 In that beautiful place He has gone
 to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven:

And many dear children are gathering
here,

“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

720

P. M.

WHO is there like Thee,
Jesus unto me?
None are like Thee, none above Thee,
Thou art altogether lovely.

None on earth have we,
None in heaven, like Thee.

2 Love that warmly glowed,
Blood that freely flowed,
Life that stooped to death to save me,
And a deathless being gave me,
Bore my guilty load.
Brought me back to God.

3 Plant Thyself in me;
I will learn of Thee
To be holy, meek, and tender,
Wrath, and pride, and self surrender;
Nothing shouldst Thou see
But Thyself in me.

4 When on death's cold strand
I one day shall stand,
Let Thy presence go beside me,
Through the gloomy waters guide me;
Grant me then to stand,
Lord, at Thy right hand.

19

721

P. M.

JESUS keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS:

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—CHO.

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

722

P. M.

I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS:

I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary!

- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
 Thou dost my strength assure;
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all, and pure.—CHO.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.—CHO.
- 4 All hail! atoning blood!
 All hail! redeeming grace!
 All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness.—Cho.
 L. HARTSOUGH.

723

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the jasper sea.

CHORUS.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,

Free from my doubts and fears;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears!—CHO.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.—CHO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

724

6s, & 4s.

NOW I have found a Friend,
 Whose love shall never end;
 Jesus is mine.
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace;
 Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
 He will my faith uphold;
 Jesus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply;
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope destroy;
 Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh, what a glorious thing

Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,

Jesus is mine.

HENRY J. M. HOPE.

725

7s. 6l.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

E. HOPPER, 1818.

726

S. M.

O Thou who didst prepare
The ocean's sounding deep,
And bid the gath'ring waters there
In mighty concourse sweep.

2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to Thee.

3 Jesus is nigh, who trod
Of old that foaming spray,
Whose billows own'd th' Incarnate God,
And died in calm away.

4 Though swells the threatening tide,
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in whom our souls confide,
And fearless trust His love.

CHARLOTTE E. TONALI.

727

7s. 6s. D.

O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow

We open now the door:
Dear, Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

W. W. How, 1854.

728

8s, 5s.

PASS me not, Oh, gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble
cry!

While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at Thy Throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—CHO.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—CHO.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me.
Whom on earth have I beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee!—CHO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

729

8s, 7s. D.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our griefs and sins to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—

Precious Saviour still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

730

7s.

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

REFRAIN.

I am trusting, Lord in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—REF.

3 Here I give my all to Thee;—
 Friends and time and earthly store;
 Soul and body Thine to be—
 Wholly Thine for evermore.—REF.

4 In the promises I trust;
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

731

C. M. D.

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
 “Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast!”
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “Behold, I freely give
 The living water! thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.”
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream:
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “I am this dark world’s light:
 Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.”
 I looked to Jesus and I found

In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I’ll walk
 Till all my journey’s done.

HERATIUS BONAR.

732

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Where Jesus answers prayer;
 There humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By war without, and fear within,
 I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near Thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him—Thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead Thy gracious name!

J. NEWTON.

733

8s, 7s.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe;
 It will joy and comfort give you;
 Take it, then, where’er you go.

CHORUS.

||: Precious name, Oh how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven.:||

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from ev'ry snare;
 If temptations round you gather,
 Breathe that holy name in prayer—CHO.

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ!
 CHO.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
 King of Kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.—CHO.
 MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

734

P. M.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

REFRAIN.

For, Oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before, the Shining Shore
 We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our heavenly home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.—REF.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.—Ref.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, Come, and there's our
 home
 For ever, oh, for ever!—REF.

DAVID NELSON, 1835.

735

I will sing of my Redeemer
 And His wond'rous love to me,
 On the cruel cross He suffered,
 From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer,
 With His blood He purchased me,
 He purchased me;
 On the cross He sealed my pardon,
 Paid the debt, and made me free,
 And made me free.

2 I will tell the wond'rous story,
 How my lost estate to save,
 In His boundless love and mercy,
 He the ransom freely gave.—CHO.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
 His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,
 How the victory He giveth
 Over sin, and death, and hell.—CHO.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.—CHO.

736

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I would Thou, forever, should'st live
in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every
foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes whiter than
snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be
whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus look down from Thy throne
in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacri-
fice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than
snow.—CHO.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly
entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified
feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy
blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.—CHO.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently
wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart
create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou
never said'st No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.—CHO.

737

P. M.

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHORUS.

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive,
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.—
CHO.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;

Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate
 once more.—CHO.

4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it;
 Strength for Thy labor the Lord will pro-
 vide;
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has
 died.—CHO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

738

P. M.

WEEPING will not save me—
 Though my face were bathed in
 tears,
 That could not allay my fears,
 Could not wash the sins of years,
 Weeping will not save me.

CHORUS:

Jesus wept and died for me;
 Jesus suffered on the tree;
 Jesus waits to make me free;
 He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
 Purest deeds that I can do,
 Honest thought and feelings too,
 Cannot form my soul anew,—
 Working will not save me.—CHO.

3 Waiting will not save me—
 Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
 In my ear is mercy's cry;
 If I wait I can but die —
 Waiting will not save me.—CHO.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
 Let me trust Thy weeping Son;
 Trust the work that He has done;
 To His arms, Lord, help me run—
 Faith in Christ will save me.—CHO.
 R. LOWRY.

739

P. M.

I need Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord;
 No tender voice like Thine
 Can peace afford.

REFRAIN:

I need Thee, O I need Thee;
 Every hour I need Thee;
 O bless me now, my Saviour,
 I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour;
 Stay Thou near by;
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need Thee every hour,
 In joy or pain;
 Come quickly and abide,
 Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour;
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed.
Thou blessed Son!—REF.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWES.

740

8s, 7s, 7s.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain,
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
||:Opened when our Saviour died.:||

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
||:He that drinks shall thirst no more—:||

3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
||:Sealed when He was glorified.:||

J. MONTGOMERY.

741

L. M.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thine heart and nerve thine
arm.

3 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Him,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1833.

742

11s.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at
home.

REFRAIN:

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for
glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease!

Though oft from Thy presence in sadness
 I roam,
 I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.
 — REF.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I
 stay,
 Oh, give me submission, and strength as
 my day;
 In all my afflictions to Thee would I
 come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
 — REF.

4 Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me
 Thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
 Thy face;
 Endue me with patience to wait at Thy
 throne,
 And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
 home.—REF.
 DAVID DENHAM, 1837.

743

MY spirit longs for Thee
 To dwell within my breast;
 Although unworthy I
 Of so divine a Guest!
 Of so divine a Guest
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet hath my heart no rest
 Until it come to Thee!

2 Until it come to Thee,
 In vain I look around:
 In all that I can see
 No rest is to be found!

No rest is to be found,
 But in Thy bleeding love,
 Oh, let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above!

744

11s.

I would not live away; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark
 o'er the way:
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough
 for its cheer.

2 I would not live away, thus fettered
 by sin,
 Temptation without and corruption with-
 in:
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
 with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
 tent tears.

6s.

3 I would not live away; no, welcome
 the tomb;
 Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not
 its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till He bid me
 arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the
 skies.

4 Who, who would live away, away
 from his God?
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful
 abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally
reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in har-
mony meet,
Their Saviour and brethern transported
to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceas-
ingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

W. A. MUEHLBERG.

745

“**T**H^Y will be | done!” || In devious
way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
“Thy will be | done.”

2 “Thy will be | done!” || If o’er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine— |
“Thy will be | done!”

3 “Thy will be | done!” || Tho’ shroud-
ed o’er
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort
| one
Is ours: | the breathe, while we adore, |
“Thy will be | done.”

J. BOWRING.

746

7s. D.

WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng
Round the altar, night and day
Hymning one triumphant song?
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came:
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer’s might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs—
Perfect love dispel all fears—
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

J. MONTGOMERY.

747

8s, 7s. D.

TH^ER^E’S a wideness in God’s mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There’s a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,

And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

748

10S, 11S

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes
all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-
tide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will
provide."

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse
are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our
bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied,
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will
provide."

3 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us
through:

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord
will provide."

J. NEWTON.

749

P. M.

IN some way or other the Lord will
provide;

It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way,
"The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other the Lord will
provide:

It may not be my time;
It may not be thy time,
And yet in His own time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will
provide:

And this be the token,
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea
shall divide:

The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

MARTHA WALKER COOK, 1864.

750

7s & 6s.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid;
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallow'd path they trace.

4 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

JOHN KEBLE, 1857.

751

S. M.

HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus digned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day.

2 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

3 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

4 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

H. W. BAKER, 1861.

752

L. M.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and
dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that can not be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and
length
Of Thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes
know,

Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ.
His Son.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

753

6s & 4s.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore;
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,

Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

4 Soon must we change our place
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

J. ALLEN.

754

6S & 4S.

O Holy Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray:
To Thee the Cherubim,
Angels and Seraphim,
Unceasing praises bring—
Their homage pay.

2 Here give Thy word success;
And this Thy servant bless;
His labors own;

And while the sinners' Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make Him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn Thy saints with grace;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

755

L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
G Earth's pleasures shall I still hold
dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And will my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed; but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my
heart.

TERSTEGEN, 1730. TRANS. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1854.

756

8s, D.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
The woodlands, the fields, and the
flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music His voice;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord! if indeed I am Thine,
And Thou art my light and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winters and storms are no more.
J. NEWTON.

757

8s, D.

MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve Thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh, then shall the vail be removed,

And round me Thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye Cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne!

W. COWPER.

758

L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear:
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER, 1812.

759

L. M. D.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise

To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

760

C. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

W. B. TAPPAN, 1829.

C H A N T S.

761

TER-SANCTUS.

HOLY! holy! holy! Jehovah of hosts! the whole earth is full of Thy glory, the whole earth is full of Thy glory. Holy! holy! holy! Lord God the Almighty, Lord God the Almighty, who wast and who art, who wast and who art, who wast and who art, and who art, and who art, and who art to come. Amen.

762

GLORIA PATRI No. 1.

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

763

SERAPHIC HYMN.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and earth are full, are full of the majesty of Thy glory, Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest!

764

TRIS-AGION.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. Amen, Amen.

765

ADVENT CANTICLE.

SING unto the Lord a new song; and His praise from the | end of the | earth, || ye that go down to the sea, and | all that | is there- | in.

2 Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift | up their | voice; || let the inhab-
itance of the rock sing, let them shout | from the | tops of the |
mountains.

3 Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare His praise | among the | hea-
then. || The Lord hath | com-forted | His— | people;

- 4 He hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of | all— | nations: || and all the
ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 5 Say to the daughter of Zion, behold, thy sal- | vation | cometh; || behold, His
reward is with Him, | and His | work be- | fore Him.
- 6 Fear thou not; for | I am | with thee; || be not dismayed; for | I am | thy— |
God:
- 7 I will strengthen thee; yea, I will | help— | thee. || Unto you that fear My
name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with | healing | in His |
wings!
- 8 The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and | all flesh shall | see it. || Death
shall be swallowed up in victory, and God will wipe away | all tears |
from our | eyes.
- 9 And it shall be said in that day, Lo! | this is our | God; || we have waited for
Him, | and— | He will | save us;
- 10 This is the Lord; we have | waited for | Him, || we will be glad and re- | joice
in | His sal- | vation.
- 11 Sanctify and prepare yourselves to look upon the glory of our God; for the |
Lord— | cometh. || Prepare ye the way of the Lord and | make His |
paths— | straight.
- 12 Let us serve Him with gladness, and come before His | presence with | sing-
ing! || Blessed is He that cometh in the | name— | of the | Lord!
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A- | men.

766

CHRISTMAS CANTICLE.

- B**EHOLD, I bring you good tidings of | great— | joy; || for unto you is born
this day a Saviour, | which is | Christ the | Lord!
- 2 Glory to God | in the | highest, || and on earth, peace, | good— | will toward |
men!
- 3 The Lord hath remembered His | cove- | nant || and sent sal- | vation | to His |
people.
- 4 Israel is saved | by the | Lord || with an | ever- | lasting sal- | vation.

- 5 This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous | in our | eyes. || This is the day the
Lord hath made; we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.
- 6 Let the voice of rejoicing and sal- | vation be | heard, || in the taber- | nacles |
of the | righteous.
- 7 Blessed is He that cometh in the name | of the | Lord! || Blessed be the king-
dom of our father David! Ho | sanna | in the | highest!
- 8 Open to me the gates of | righteous- | ness, || I will enter in and | praise— |
the— | Lord.
- 9 Say among the heathen, that the | Lord— | reigneth. || Let the multitudes of
the isles be glad thereof: let the heavens rejoice, and | let the | earth be |
glad.
- 10 He shall judge the world with | righteous- | ness; || and the | people | with
His | truth.
- 11 Blessed be His glorious name for | ever and | ever: || and let the whole earth
be | filled | with His | glory.
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

767

GOOD FRIDAY CANTICLE.

- CHRIST our Passover was offered for us | on this | day. || He was delivered for |
our of- | fen— | ses.
- 2 He bore our sins in His own body | on the | tree, || and the Lord hath laid on
Him the in- | iquity of | us— | all.
- 3 He hath trodden the wine- | press a- | lone, || and of the people | there was |
none with | Him.
- 4 He was taken from prison | and from | judgment; || He was cut off out | of the
land | of the | living.
- 5 Thou wast slain, and hast re- | deemed | us || out of every kindred, and tongue,
and | people, | and— | nation;
- 6 Thou hast loved us, and washed us from our sins in | Thine own | blood; || and
hast made us unto our God, | kings— | and— | priests.
- 7 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain || to receive power, and riches, and wis-
dom, and strength, and honor, and glory, for | ever and | ev— | er.

8 Now is come sal | vation and | strength, || and the kingdom of our God, and
the | power of | His— | Christ.

9 Death shall be swallowed | up in | victory, || and God shall wipe away all |
tears— | from our | eyes.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

137
68

EASTER CANTICLE.

CHRIST our Passover | has— | risen. || He was dead, and behold He is alive
for evermore, and hath the keys of | hell— | and of | death.

2 Christ our Passover was dead, a sacrifice | for our | sins. || He was put to death
in the flesh, but was | quickened | by the | Spirit.

3 Christ is risen from the dead, and henceforth | dieth no | more; || death hath
no more do- | minion | over | Him.

4 He died unto sin once, but now He liveth | unto | God; || the Prince of Life
could not be | holden | of— | death.

5 God did not leave His soul | in the | grave, || nor suffer His Holy one to |
see— | cor— | ruption.

6 Christ is risen, the first fruits of | them that | slept. || Since by man came death,
by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.

7 Death is swallowed | up for | ever! || O Death, | where— | is thy | sting?

8 O Grave, | where is thy | victory? || Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the
victory, | through our Lord | Jesus | Christ.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the || Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

769

ASCENSION DAY CANTICLE.

O H clap your hands, | all ye | people. || Shout unto God with the | voice— |
of— | triumph!

2 God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound | of a | trumpet. || Lift
up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
and the King of | glory | shall come | in!

- 3 Who is this | king of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty; | He is the |
king of | glory.
- 4 Sing praises to God, and unto our King! | Sing— | praises! || For He is the |
King of | all the | earth.
- 5 God reigneth | over the | heathen; || He sitteth upon the | throne of | His— |
holiness.
- 6 Let all the world bow | down be- | fore Him, || and all the angels of | God— |
worship | Him!
- 7 Thy throne, O God, is for | ever and | ever; || the sceptre of Thy kingdom | is
a | right— | sceptre.
- 8 Thou lovest righteousness and | hatest | wickedness; || therefore God, Thy God,
hath anointed Thee with the oil of | gladness a- | bove Thy | fellows.
- 9 Thou hast as- | cended on | high; || Thou hast led cap- | tivi | ty— | captive.
- 10 Thou hast received | gifts for | men. || Thou hast entered into Thy Father's
house, to pre- | pare a | mansion for | us.
- 11 Thou hast prepared Thy throne | in the | heavens; || and Thy kingdom | rul-
eth | over | all.
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

770

WHITSUNDAY CANTICLE.

- L**ET us praise the Lord, and ex- | alt His | goodness. || Let us come before Him
with songs of | praise, and | hymns of thanks- | giving.
- 2 God hath raised up His holy Child Jesus, who, being by His right hand exalt-
ed, shed forth the promise of the Holy Ghost up- | on the a- | postles, ||
so that they spake with new tongues, and wrought signs and | wonders |
in His | name.
- 3 He gave power to the testimony | of His | servants. || The kingdoms of the
earth, the people and | nations have | heard His | voice,
- 4 And have rendered obedience | unto our | Lord, || and | to— | His— | Christ.
- 5 We render thanks unto | Thee, O | Lord, || who art the Alpha and Omega,
the | first— | and the | last,

- 6 That Thou hast re- | vealed Thy | power, || and entered | upon | Thy— |
kingdom.
- 7 Thou hast sent unto | us the | Comforter, || even the Spirit of truth, that He
may a- | bide with | us for- | ever.
- 8 Thou hast sent the Spirit of Thy Son into our hearts, whereby we cry unto
Thee: | Abba, | Father. || It is the Spirit, which witnesseth with our
spirits, that | we are the | children of | God.
- 9 The Spirit also helpeth | our in- | firmities, || and with groanings, which can-
not be uttered, | maketh inter- | cession | for us.
- 10 We wait for the redemption | of our | body, || and for the manifestation of
the glorious liberty | of the | sons of | God.
- 11 The Spirit is the earnest and pledge of | our in- | heritance; || whereby also
we are sealed | unto the | day of re- | demption.
- 12 O Lord, we praise Thee, and | render Thee | thanks, || that Thou hast | given
en | us the | Spirit.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A— | men.

771

MAGNIFICAT.

St. Luke 1, 46.

- M**Y soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, || and my spirit hath re- | joiced in |
God my | Saviour.
- 2 For He | hath re- | garded || the low e- | state of | His hand- | maiden.
- 3 For behold, | from hence- | forth || all gene- | rations shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For He | that is | mighty, || hath done to me great things: and | holy | is His |
name.
- 5 And His mercy is on them | that fear | Him, || from gene- | ration | to gene-
e- | ration.
- 6 He hath shewed strength | with His | arm; || He hath scattered the proud in
the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts:
- 7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, || and exalted | them of |
low— | degree.
- 8 He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, || and the rich He | hath sent |
empty a- | way.
- 9 He hath holpen His | servant | Israel, || in re- | membrance | of His | mercy.

10 As He spake | to our | fathers, || to Abraham, and | his— | seed for- | ever.
 Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be:|| World without end.— |
 A— | men.

772

BENEDICTUS.

BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel; || for He hath visited | and re- |
 deemed His | people;
 2 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us, || in the house | of His |
 servant | David;
 3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets, || which have been | since
 the | world be- | gan;
 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all
 that | hate us;
 5 To perform the mercy promised | to our | fathers, || and to remember | His
 holy | cov-e- | nant:
 6 The oath | which He | sware || to our | father | Abra | ham.
 7 That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand | of
 our | enemies, || might | serve Him | without | fear,
 8 In holiness and righteousness be- | fore— | Him, || all the | days— | of our |
 life.
 9 And Thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet | of the | Highest; || for Thou
 shalt go before the face of the Lord to pre- | pare— | His— | ways;
 10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people, || by the re- | mission | of
 their | sins.
 11 Through the tender mercy | of our | God; || whereby the day-spring from on |
 high hath | visited | us;
 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the | shadow of | death, ||
 to guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.
 Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
 A— | men.

773

NUNC DIMITTIS.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace, || ac- | cording | to
Thy | word:

2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy | sal— | va— | tion.

3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all— | people;

4 To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles: || and to the glory of Thy | people |
Isra- | el.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

774

HE WAS WOUNDED.

Isaiah 53.

HE was wounded for | our trans- | gressions; || He was | bruised for | our in- |
iquities.

2 The chastisement of our peace | was upon | Him, || and with His | stripes— |
we are | healed.

3 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray; || we have turned every | one to | his
own | way;

4 And the Lord hath | laid on | Him || the in- | iquity | of us | all.

5 He was oppressed, and He | was af- | flicted, || yet He | opened | not His |
mouth.

6 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her | shearers
is | dumb, || so He | opened | not His | mouth.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

775

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

Psalm 23.

THE Lord | is my | Shepherd; || I | shall— | not— | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in | green— | pastures: || He leadeth me be- |
side the | still— | waters.

3 He re- | storeth my | soul: || He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for
His | name's— | sake.

- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no |
evil: || for thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy | staff they | comfort |
me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies; || Thou
anointest my head with oil; my | cup— | runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life: || and I
will dwell in the | house of the | Lord for- | ever.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without |
end.— | A— | men.

776

MISERERE MEA DEUS.

Psalm 51.

- H**AVE mercy upon me, | O— | God, || according to | Thy— | loving | kind-
ness:
- 2 According unto the multitude of Thy | tender | mercies || blot | out— | my
trans- | gressions.
- 3 Wash me thoroughly | from mine | iniquity, || and | cleanse me | from my |
sin,
- 4 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my sin is | ever be- | fore— |
me.
- 5 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in Thy | sight: ||
that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be | clear
when | Thou judg- | est.
- 6 Behold, I was | shapen in | iniquity; || and in sin did my | mother con- |
ceive— | me.
- 7 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts: || and in the hidden part
Thou shalt | make me | to know wis- | dom.
- 8 Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean ; || wash me, and I shall be |
whi- | ter than | snow.
- 9 Make me hear | joy and | gladness; || that the bones which Thou hast | broken |
may re- | joice.
- 10 Hide Thy face | from my | sins, || and blot | out all | mine in- | iquities.
- 11 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God: || and renew a right | spirit with- |
in— | me.

- 12 Cast me not away | from Thy | presence: || and take not Thy | Holy | Spirit |
from me.
- 13 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation: || and uphold me | with Thy |
free— | Spirit.
- 14 Then will I teach transgressors | Thy— | ways; || and sinners shall be con- |
verted | unto | Thee.
- 15 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of | my sal- | vation: ||
and my tongue shall sing aloud | of Thy | righteous- | ness.
- 16 O Lord, open | Thou my | lips, || and my mouth shall | shew forth | Thy— |
praise.
- 17 For Thou desirest not sacrifice: else | would I | give it: || Thou delightest |
not in | burnt— | offering.
- 18 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: || a broken and a contrite heart,
O God, | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.
- 19 Do good in Thy good pleasure | unto | Zion: || build Thou the walls | of
Je- | rusa- | lem.
- 20 Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt
offering and | whole burnt | offering; || then shall they offer bullocks |
upon | Thine— | altar.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A— | men.

777

DEUS MISEREATUR.

Psalm 67.

- G**OD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and cause His | face to | shine
up- | on us:
- 2 That Thy way may be | known upon | earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong
all | nations.
- 3 Let the people | praise Thee, O | God; || let | all the | people | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: || for Thou shalt judge the peo-
ple righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people | praise Thee, O | God; || let | all the | people | praise Thee.

- 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase: || and God, even | our own | God,
shall | bless us.
- 7 God | shall— | bless us; || and all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | Him.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

778

QUAM DILECTA.

Psalm 84.

- H**OW amiable are Thy | taber- | nacles, || O | Lord— | of— | hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts of the | Lord: || my
heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may | lay her | young, || even Thine altars; O Lord of hosts,
my | King— | and my | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that dwell | in Thy | house: || they will be | still— | praising |
Thee.
- 5 Behold, O | God our | Shield, || and look upon the | face of | Thine a- |
nointed.
- 6 For a day in Thy courts is better | than a | thousand. || I had rather be a door-
keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the | tents of |
wicked- | ness.
- 7 For the Lord God is a | Sun and | Shield: || the Lord will give grace and
glory: no good things will He withhold from | them that | walk up- |
rightly.
- 8 O | Lord of | hosts, || blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | Thee.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

779

DOMINE, REFUGIUM.

Palm 90.

- L**ORD, Thou hast been our | dwelling- | place || in | all— | gen-e- | rations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the
earth | and the | world, || even from everlasting to ever- | last-ing |
Thou art | God.

- 3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction, || and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children
of | men.
- 4 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday | when it is | past || and
as a | watch— | in the | night.
- 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they | are as a | sleep; || in the morn-
ing they are like | grass which | grow-eth | up;
- 6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up; || in the evening it is cut |
down and | with-er- | eth.
- 7 For all our days are passed away | in Thy | wrath; || we spend our years as a |
tale— | that is | told.
- 8 The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; || and if by reason of |
strength they be | four-score | years,
- 9 Yet is their strength | labor and | sorrow; || for it is soon cut off | and we | fly
a- | way.
- 10 So teach us to | number our | days, || that we may apply our | hearts— | un-
to | wisdom.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

780

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

- O** come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord: || let us make a joyful noise to the |
Rock of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving, || and make a joyful
noise | unto | Him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great— | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In His hand are the deep places | of the | earth: || the strength of the | hills
is | His— | also.
- 5 The sea is His, | and He | made it: || and His hands | formed the | dry— |
land.
- 6 O come let us worship | and bow | down: || let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord
our | Maker.
- 7 For He | is our | God; || and we are the people of His pasture; | and the |
sheep of His | hand.
- 8 To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden | not your | hearts || as in the provo-
cation, and as the day of temptation | in the | wilder- | ness:

- 9 When your fathers | tempted | me, || proved | me, and | saw my | work.
- 10 Forty years long was I grieved with this gene- | ration, and | said, || it is a
people that do err in their heart, and they | have not | known my |
ways.
- 11 Unto whom I sware | in my | wrath, || that they should not | enter in- | to
my | rest.
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

781

CANTATE DOMINO.

Psalm 98.

- O** sing unto the Lord a | new— | song; || for He hath | done— | marvelous |
things:
- 2 His right hand and His | holy | arm, || hath | gotten | Him the | victory:
- 3 The Lord hath made known | His sal- | vation: || His righteousness hath He
openly showed in the | sight— | of the | heathen.
- 4 He hath remembered His mercy and His truth toward the | house of | Israel: ||
all the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 5 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth: || make a loud noise and
re- | joice— | and sing | praise.
- 6 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp: || with the harp, and the | voice= | of
a | psalm.
- 7 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful noise be- | fore the |
Lord, the | King.
- 8 Let the sea roar, and the | fullness there- | of: || the world, and | they that |
dwell there- | in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the |
Lord; || for He | cometh to | judge the | earth.
- 10 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world, || and the | people |
with— | equity.
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

782

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

Palm 92.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord, || and to sing praises unto
Thy | name,— | O Most | High.

2 To show forth Thy loving kindness | in the | morning, || and Thy | faithfulness | every | night.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery; || upon the
harp | with a | solemn | sound.

4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | work. || I will triumph in
the | works— | of Thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

783

JUBILATE DEO.

Psalm 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. || Serve the Lord with
gladness: come be- | fore His | presence with | singing.

2 Know ye that the Lord | He is | God: || it is He that hath made us, | and
not | we our- | selves;

3 We | are His | people, || and the | sheep— | of His | pasture.

4 Enter into His gates | with thanks- | giving, || and | into His | courts with |
praise:

5 Be thankful | unto | Him, || and | bless— | His— | name.

6 For the Lord is good; His mercy is | ever- | lasting, || and His truth endureth
to | all— | gene- | rations.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

784

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

Psalm 103.

BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me, | bless His |
holy | name.

2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget not | all His | bene- | fits:

3 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities: || who | healeth all | thy dis- | eases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction; || who crowneth thee with lov-
ing | kindness and | tender | mercies;

- 5 The Lord hath prepared His | throne in the | heavens; || and his kingdom |
rul-eth | over | all.
- 6 Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || that do His com-
mandments, hearkening unto the | voice of | His— | word!
- 7 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye His | hosts! || ye ministers of | His, that | do His |
pleasure!
- 8 Bless the Lord, all His works! in all places of | His do- | minion: || bless the |
Lord,— | O my | soul!
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A— | men.

785

LEVAVI OCULOS.

Psalm 121.

- I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help. || My
help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven and | earth.
- 2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee | will not |
slumber. || Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall | neither | slumber
nor | sleep.
- 3 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon | thy right | hand. || The
sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor the | moon by | night.
- 4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre- | serve thy | soul. ||
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time
forth, and | even for | ever- | more.
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son; || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A— | men.

786

LAETATUS SUM.

Psalm 122.

- I was glad when they said | unto | me, || let us go into the | house— | of the |
Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O Je- | ru— | sa— | lem.
- 3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || that | is com- | pact to- | gether:
- 4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes | of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of
Israel, to give thanks | unto the | name of the | Lord.
- 5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the | thrones of the | house of |
David.

- 6 Pray for the peace | of Je- | rusalem: || they shall | prosper that | love— |
Thee.
- 7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || and prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
- 8 For my brethern and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now say, | Peace be
with- | in— | thee.
- 9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— | thy— | good.
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end.— |
A.— | men.

787

DE PROFUNDIS.

Psalm 130.

- O**UT of the depths have I cried unto | Thee, O | Lord. || Lord, | hear— |
my— | voice.
- 2 Let Thine ears | be at- | tentive || to the | voice of my | suppli- | cations.
- 3 If Thou, Lord, shouldest | mark in- | iquities, || O | Lord,— | who shall |
stand ?
- 4 But there is for- | giveness | with Thee, || that | Thou— | mayest be | feared.
- 5 I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, || and in His | word— | do I |
hope.
- 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch | for the | morning: ||
I say more than they | that watch | for the | morning.
- 7 Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord | there is | mercy, || and with |
Him is | plenteous re- | demption.
- 8 And He shall re- | deem— | Israel || from | all— | His in- | iquities.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end.— | A.— | men.

788

I AM THE RESURRECTION.

- I** am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord; || he that believeth in me,
though he were | dead, yet | shall He | live.
- 2 And whosoever | live— | eth, || and believeth in | me, shall | never | die.

- 3 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth | to him- | self: || for whether we
live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we | die un- | to the |
Lord.
- 4 Whether we live therefore or die, we | are the | Lord's; || for to this end Christ
both died and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord | both of the |
dead and | living.
- 5 And now is Christ risen | from the | dead, || and become the first | fruits of |
them that | slept.
- 6 O death, where | is thy | sting? || O grave, where | is thy | victo- | ry?
- 7 Thanks be to God, which giveth | us the | victory || through our Lord | Jesus |
Christ! A- | men.
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end. — | A — | men.

789

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

- G**LORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
- 2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, || we glorify Thee,
we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.
- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King || God the | Father | Al— | mighty!
- 4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of
God, | Son— | of the | Father,
- 5 That takest away the | sin of the | world, || have mercy | upon— | us.
- 6 Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world, || have mercy | upon— | us.
- 7 Thou that takest away the | sin of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
- 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | up-
on— | us.
- 9 For Thou only | art— | holy, || Thou | only | art the | Lord.
- 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory
of | God the | Father. || A — | MEN.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without |
end. — | A — | men.

790

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am, with | out one | plea,
But that Thy blood was | shed for |
me,

And that Thou bid'st me | come to |
Thee,

O | Lamb of | God! | I come.

2 Just as I am, and | waiting | not
To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each
| spot,

O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

3 Just as I am, though | tossed a- |
bout

With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,
Fighting and fears with- | in, with- |
out,

O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, | wretched, |
blind,

Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind—
Yea, all I need—in | Thee to | find,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

5 Just as I am Thou | wilt re- | ceive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- |
lieve;

Because Thy promise | I be- | lieve,
O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy | love un- | known
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be Thine—yea, | Thine a- |
lone |

O | Lamb of | God, | I come.

AMEN.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

791

KYRIE.

O God, the Father in Heaven, have | mercy up-on | us,
O God, the Son, Redeemer, of the world, have | mercy up-on | us,
O God, the Holy Ghost, have | mercy up-on | us, and grant | us Thy | peace.

A-men.

RESPONSES.

RESPONSES IN THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

A-men. { 1 And | with Thy | Spirit.
2 We lift them up-on | to the | Lord. } A-men.
3 It is meet and right | so to | do.
4 The Lord's | name be | praised.
5 Have mercy | up-on | us.
6 Good | Lord, de- | liver us.
7 Spare | us, good | Lord etc.

GLORIA TIBI. No. 1.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

GLORIA TIBI. No. 2.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

GLORIA TIBI. No. 3.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

GLORIA TIBI. No. 4.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

GLORIA TIBI. No. 5.

Glory be to Thee, Glory be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord.

792

I AM THE RESURRECTION.

I | am the resurrection and the life, |
saith the | Lord:
He that believeth in me, though he
were | dead, yet | shall he |
live.

2 And | whosoever | liv-== | eth,
And believeth in | me, shall | never |
die.

3 None of us | liveth to himself, and no
man dieth | to him- | self:

For whether we live, we live unto the
Lord, and whether we die, we |
die un- | to the | Lord:

4 Whether | we live therefore or die,
we | are the | Lord's;

For to this end Christ both died and
rose, and revived, that He
might be Lord | both of the |
dead and | living.

<p>5 And now is Christ risen from the dead, And become the first fruits of them that slept.</p> <p>6 O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victo- ry?</p> <p>7 Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory</p>	<p>Through our Lord Jesus Christ! A- men.</p> <p>Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end.— A.— men.</p>
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793

JESUS LIVES.

<p>JESUS lives! No longer now Can thy terrors, death, appal us. Jesus lives! by this we know, Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us. Alleluia.</p> <p>2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life im- mortal; This shall calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!</p> <p>3 Jesus lives! for us He died: Then, alone to Jesus living, Pure in heart may we abide,</p>	<p>Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!</p> <p>4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well Naught from us His love shall sever; Life, nor death, nor powers of hell Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!</p> <p>5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne Over all the world is given: May we go where He is gone, Rest and reign with Him in heaven. Alleluia!</p>
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C. E. GELLEERT, 1757. TRANS. BY FRANCES E. COX, 1841.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

Glory be to the Father, Glory be to the Son, Glory be to the Holy Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, as it was in the beginning, is now, is now, and
 ever shall be, world without end, world without end, Amen, world with-
 out end, world without end, world without end, Amen, Amen, Amen,
 world without end, Amen.

794

SANCTUS.

HOLY! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabbaoth! Heaven and Earth are full, full of Thy glory; Heaven and earth are full, are full of Thy glory; Glory be to Thee, Glory be to Thee, Glory be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord most high.

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 1.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep all these laws. Amen,
Amen.

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 2.

Lord have mercy upon us | and incline our hearts to keep these laws.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 4.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen,
Amen.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 5.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

795

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on | earth as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever and | ever. A- | men.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2

L. M. 6l.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

3

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

4

C. M. D.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

5

S. M.

To the eternal Three,
In will and essence One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honors done.

6

H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7

6s, 4s.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong;
Let all His praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

8

7s.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

9

7s. 6l.

Praise the name of God most high,
 Praise Him all below the sky,
 Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

10

7s. D.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,
 Angels waiting on His word,
 Saints that walk with Him in white,
 Pilgrims walking in His light:
 Glory to the Eternal One,
 Glory to His only Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be
 Now, and through eternity.

11

8s & 7s.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

12

8s, 7s & 4s.

Glory be to God the Father,
 Glory to the eternal Son:
 Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
 Join the elders round the throne;
 Hallelujah,
 Hail the glorious Three in One.

13

7s & 6s

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Join we with the heavenly host
 To praise Thee evermore:
 Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to Thee.

14

10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be address;
 From age to age, ye saints, His name
 adore,
 And spread His fame, till time shall be
 no more,

Amen, Amen, Amen.

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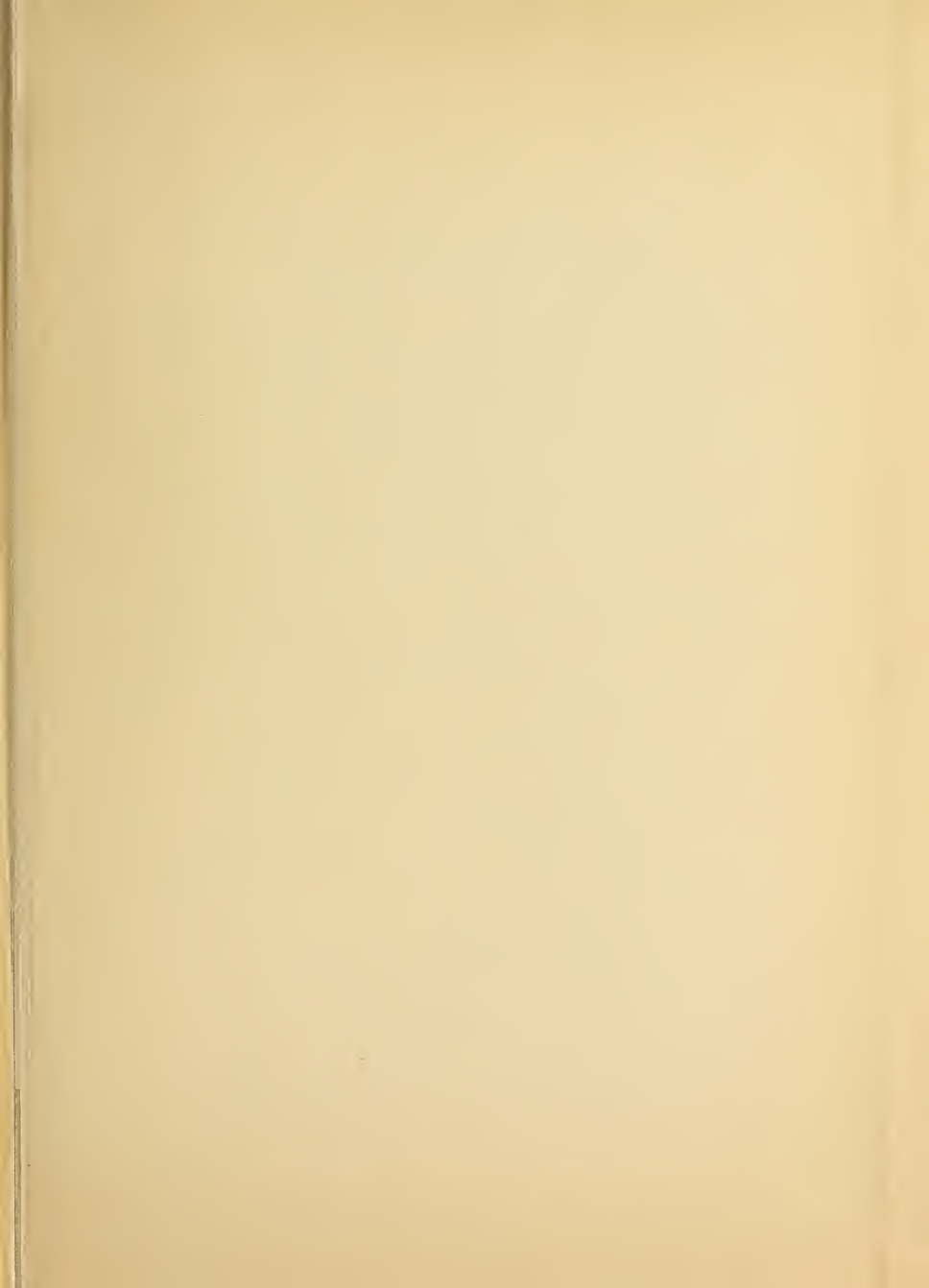
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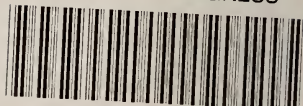
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